The Sakharov Manifesto by Marshall D. Shulman

Saturday Review

November 23, 1968 35¢

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY

Problems and Possibilities for the New Administration

Articles by
Leo Cherne
Kenneth Boulding
Michael Harrington
and an interview with
Robert S. McNamara

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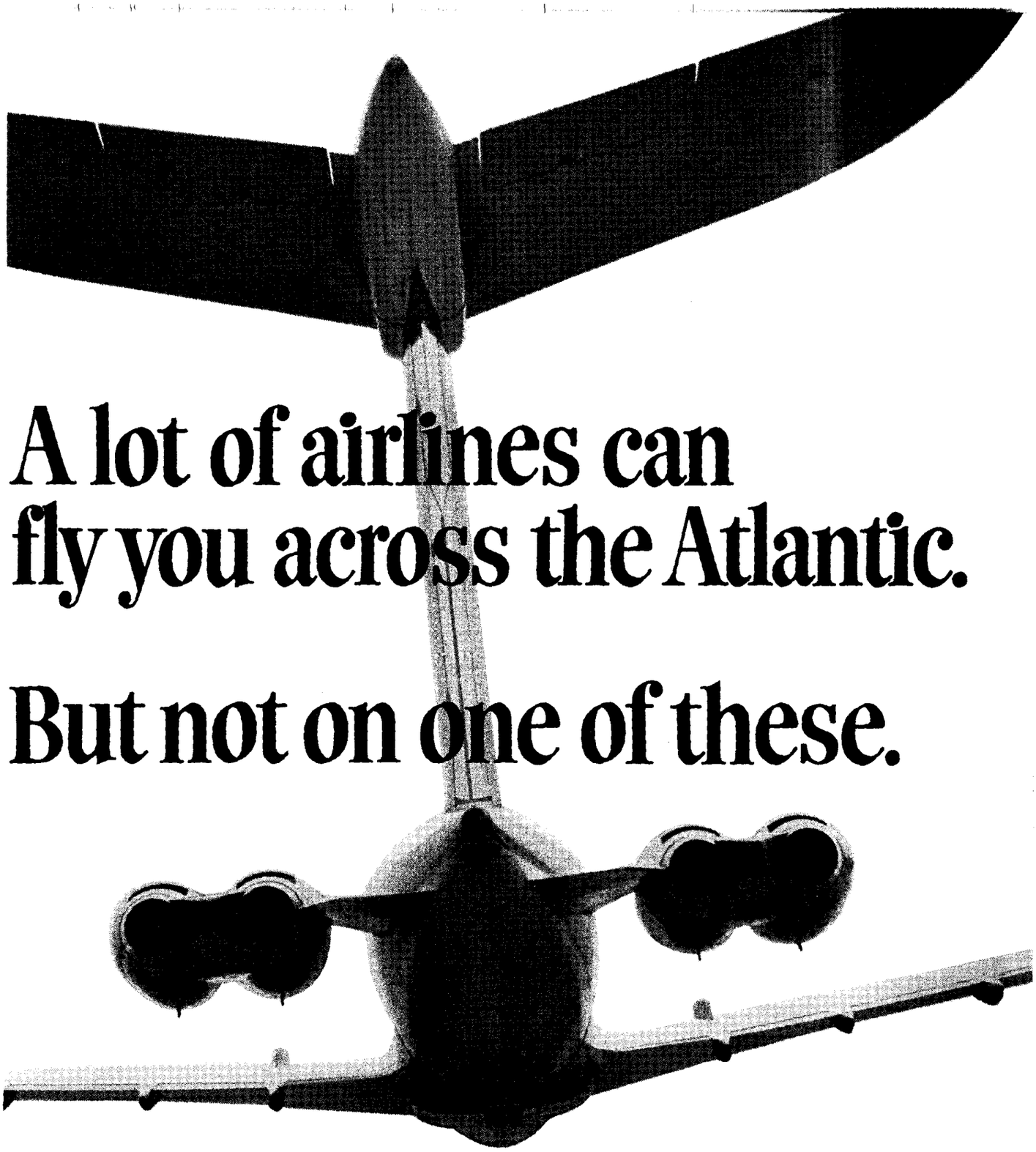

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One of an editor's joys is the rediscovery that unlikely subject matter can make likely books. From time to time one or another of us will precede a pitch with "Now don't think I've fallen out of my tree *but* . . ."

That's approximately what I said when proposing a contract for a book about roots. "*Roots*?" they said. Roots, I said. A little book about those silent, unseen, uncountable "miracles below." Like certain other movements of importance, they work underground. When a root meets an immovable object, it is usually the object which gives way. This web of life beneath our feet is warmly, winningly described by a natural naturalist, Charles Morrow Wilson, who has a great affection for all life. "Comprehensive, detailed, informal," wrote *Library Journal*. "Highly recommended."

The other little number on my mind is *Omar*, a novel about a bandersnatch. "Bandersnatch?" you say. Yes. I reply. A rare mammal, small, furry, and volatile in temperament—who, under the eye of his owner, Miss Rose Bavistock, slowly reveals other qualities, the least of which is speech.

"O frabjous day!" wrote Martin Levin, a man not easily giving to frabjing, in the *Times Book Review*. "What a beast it is—if you can call a polylingual, cigar-smoking gastronome with a taste for Nuits St. Georges a 'beast.' Delicious satire . . . a beamish book."

The point, of course, is that beamish books are not the result of subject matter but of authors. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in the case of the bandersnatch, makes us like—even love—the unlikely.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Roots: Miracles Below ($5.95), by Charles Morrow Wilson, and *Omar* ($3.95), by Wilfrid Blunt, are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis, Missouri 63108.

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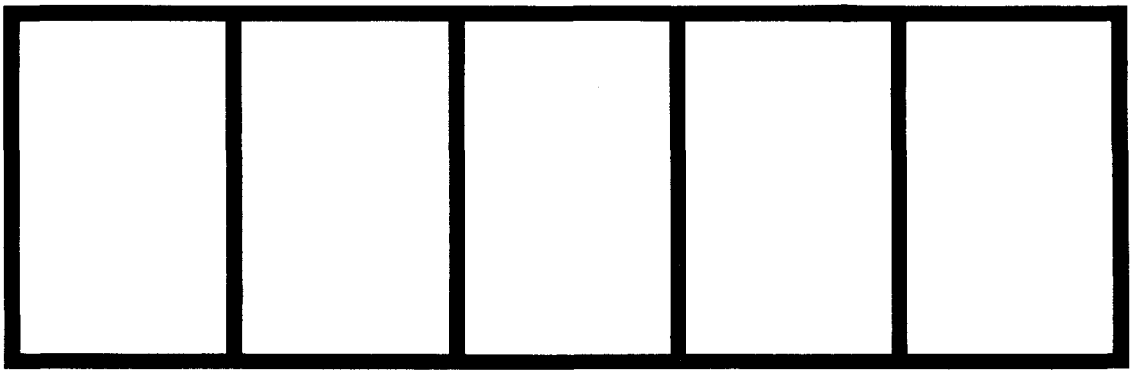

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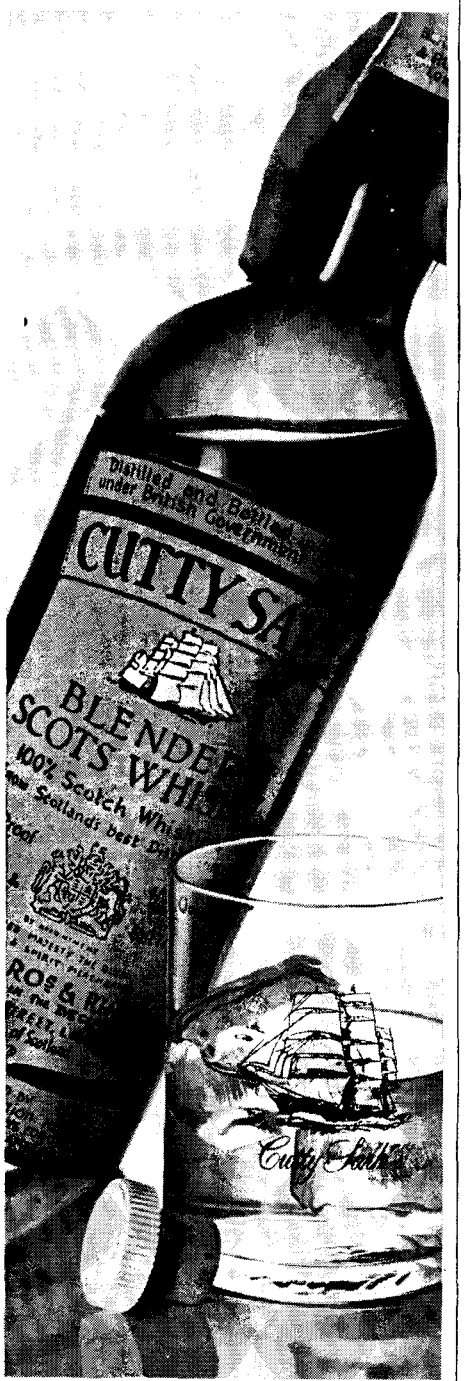

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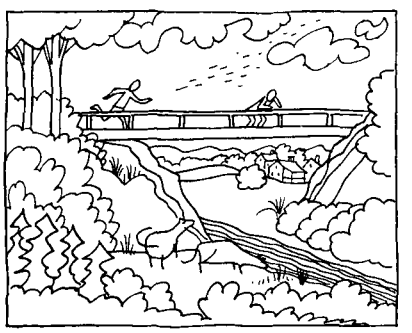
Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Trains

THE REVIVAL of steam trains and coal smoke is bringing tears of nostalgia to the eyes of railroad buffs, who thrill once again to the sound of panting locomotives and piercing whistles. For me, the sound of an approaching steam engine also triggers an ancient reaction. It is fear.

My dictionary defines "nostalgia" as "homesickness or strong desire for family and friends, in severe forms producing derangement of mental and physical functions." Exactly. That's what happens to me when I allow myself to remember hanging by my fingers under railroad bridges as trains passed overhead.



Bridge-clinging was a game played by pre-teen-agers in the Thirties. It kept us off the dirt roads. In those days, we juvenile railroad buffs hardly ever rode on a train. We were interested in the tracks — in the gleaming rails which taught us how to draw in perspective, in the spikes which sometimes could be worked loose, in the ties which were always spaced wrong for walking.

The bridge-hanging game was invented one day when a bunch of us were out along the shuttle track. A small locomotive and two cars made regular trips between the town and the mainline junction. At one point, the track crossed a small brook. On this particular afternoon we were sitting on the little bridge, watching cows drinking water, when we heard the shuttle train coming. We discussed what we would do next. There was plenty of time. The train moved slowly because a lot of spikes were missing.

Somebody suggested that we could all hang by our hands under the bridge while the train passed overhead. Impressed by the soundness of the plan, we lost no time in climbing underneath. After a while, with much grinding of rails and stirring of cinders, the train passed overhead. We emerged triumphant, and lay around gasping for breath. A new sport was born.

It caught on quickly. If you wanted to get up a ball game that summer, you first went out to the shuttle tracks and looked under the bridge. There were usually two or three guys hanging underneath like bats.

Unfortunately, people are rarely satisfied with success. They must seek greater heights, and that goes double for kids with low IQs. The hanging trolls began to crave more excitement than the shuttle train and a small bridge could provide. By the next summer, the place to hang was under the Lehigh Valley Railroad's mainline bridge over the Raritan River.

I have vivid memories of standing in the middle of the long iron span and waiting until I heard the icy scream of a locomotive's whistle and the horrible rumble of A Train Coming and I'm Trapped On The Bridge. Quickly, I would scramble over the side and grip the beam as if my life depended on it, a reasonable assumption under the circumstances. The river, 30 feet below, was about two inches deep. It was generally agreed that if you fell, your bones would stick out.

I won't attempt to describe the noise of a locomotive passing three feet overhead, or the sensation of shaking with fear while clinging to a shaking bridge.

But to this day, the sound of a distant locomotive has a peculiar effect on me. While steam railroading fans are gawking happily down the track and unlimbering cameras and tape recorders, I'm clapping my hands to my ears and shutting my eyes. It's the only sure way to ward off nostalgia.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

"As the Lily Among Thorns . . ."

"The marigold is a native of North America and can, in truth and in fact, be called an American flower. . . . It is as sprightly as the daffodil, as colorful as

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The young lovers' guide to Paris.

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Monuments à l'amour

Le Petit Trianon Memories of Louis XV and his lady-friends. Marie Antoinette used to play milkmaid here, near the Temple of Love. (Take the Métro to Pont-de-Sèvres, then the 171 bus to Versailles.)

Musée Cognacq-Jay 25, blvd. des Capucines. Love nest of a department store tycoon and his lifelong companion, a certain Mlle. Jay. Now a charming museum of their exquisite paintings and delicate doodads.

Place Vendôme where Napoleon III laid siege to the heart of Eugénie de Montijo (no. 2), and Chopin died (no. 12), abandoned by George Sand.
And at 11, blvd. de la Madeleine, Alphonsine Plessis, "La Dame aux Camélias," passed from life into legend. You can see her grave in the Montmartre cemetery.

Musées déserts

Get to know each other better in these quiet, little-frequented museums:

Musée Guimet Place d'Iéna. Far East collection of the Louvre. (Near the busier Palais d'Art Moderne.)

Musée Jacquemart-André 158, blvd. Haussmann. Italian art.

Musée Nissim de Camondo 63, rue de Monceau. An elegant 18th Century town house.

To feel really alone together, visit the Catacombes. Enter at 2, Place Denfert-Rochereau. (2 p.m., Saturdays only.) Bring a flashlight.

Parcs romantiques

Bois de Boulogne Stroll through the Shakespeare Garden. Row on the lake. Run across the Prairie de Bagatelle, and catch your breath beside the placid Seine.

Parc des Buttes Chaumont Wild and romantic and out of the way. Threaten to leap from the "Pont des suicides;" they've built the walls up so you can't do it any more, but it's the gesture that counts.

Parc Monceau Hushed and still and lovely. A grotto, a river, pyramids and columns and very beautiful trees.

Bistros charmants

Since 1847, poets, artists and lovers have been carving their names in the tables at La Closerie des Lilas 171, blvd. du Montparnasse. The lilacs are breath-taking. La Tassée du Chapitre: candlelight, Vivaldi and the heady scent of herbs in a charming cave under an antique shop; 36, rue St.-Louis-en-l'Ile. Castanets, guitars and the best Spanish food in Paris at La Venta 33, rue Guénégaud.

Pour faire une grande impression

Light up the city the way you light up her eyes. Bring her to the Place de la Concorde in the dead of night. Snap your fingers and voilà! The lights come on, the fountains glow and she falls gasping into your arms. What she doesn't know is you've arranged the whole thing two days in advance with M. Calvet, Direction technique de la Voirie parisienne 9, Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. And for not much money either: only $12.20 an hour for the Concorde. Other monuments cost more; the Eiffel Tower, for example—$55 an hour. Some can be lit for as little as 88¢. Really knock her eyes out and light up the whole city—only $400.

Vocabulaire

I love only you: je n'aime que toi
love at first sight: coup de foudre
do not disturb: ne pas déranger
sweetheart: mon coco, chou, chéri(e), petit lapin
an old flame: une de mes anciennes
to die for love: mourir pour l'amour
will you marry me: veux-tu m'épouser
yes: oui

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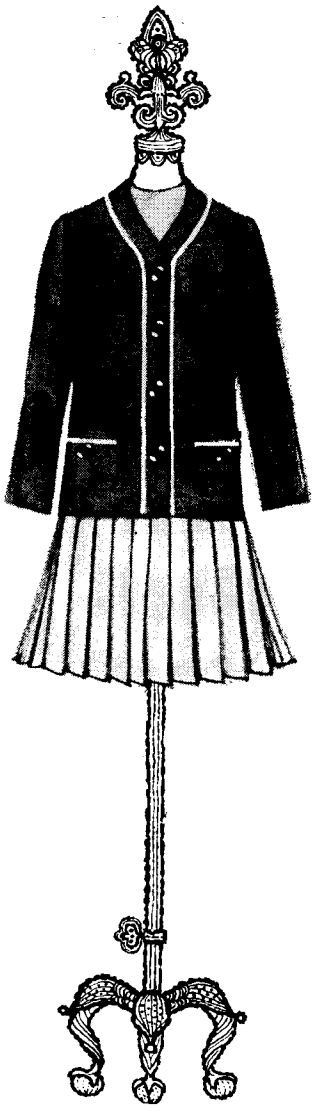

Nostalgia

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the rose, as resolute as the zinnia, as delicate as the carnation, as haughty as the chrysanthemum, as aggressive as the petunia, as ubiquitous as the violet, as stately as the snapdragon. It beguiles the senses and ennobles the spirit of man."—Senator Everett M. Dirksen, introducing his annual resolution to make the marigold the national flower.

THIS HUMBLE little bloom could have no more gallant advocate than the honorable R from Ill, and it may, indeed, possess all the virtues so mellifluously enumerated. It may also be trustworthy loyal helpful friendly courteous kind obedient cheerful thrifty brave clean and reverent—and anxious to do its duty to God and country.

But is any flower truly symbolic of our nation unless it typifies Yankee ingenuity and inventiveness? Can the marigold provide food, drink, medicines—rubber, even? Entertainment? Can its presence unite communities, nations—nay, the entire world—as against a common enemy?

There is another candidate, Senator, which has all the unique qualifications of your favorite, and more. Either raw or cooked, its greenery may be consumed by humans—and by industrious silkworms in the absence of mulberry leaves. The roots can be roasted and ground for coffee. Those addicted to stronger drink may convert the blossoms into wine. Inulin, a polysaccharide used in making bread for diabetics and in certain diagnostic tests, is present in its milky juice, as is taraxacum, which promotes the flow of bile. (In his *Theatrum Botanicum*, published December 1, 1597, John Gerard, "apothecary and the King's herbarist," credits it with a number of other specific virtues, but later works declare them to be nonexistent.) Rubber has been successfully manufactured from its sticky sap.

Think not, Mr. Dirksen, that such a utilitarian plant is lacking in esthetic appeal. Consider Henry Ward Beecher's description: ". . . those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow." Nor is it a rare specimen—it is readily and abundantly available to all mankind. Loving offspring gather it as a bouquet to press upon their mothers; after it has gone to seed, it can still beguile and amuse. Williston Fish, writing "A Last Will" (*Harper's Weekly*, September 3, 1898), bequeathed it "to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood . . . with the right to play among them freely."

Mutual possession of this plant, in all its ubiquitous aggressiveness, does more to knit the ennobling bonds of friendship and sympathetic understanding between different social, economic, and ethnic groups than all the preachments or legislation of paternal governments. Consider our position in the world. The Russians have it. The Chinese have it. The French have it. Any one of these countries could be secretly planning to launch it as their floral emblem. Tomorrow will see us reduced to a second-rate power unless we act quickly.

Now is the time for all good men to set aside their party affiliations and provincial self-interest and unite to score a major coup in one-upmanship by designating as our national flower—the dandelion! —E. V. GIRAND.

"What are you doing after the Thanksgiving dinner?"

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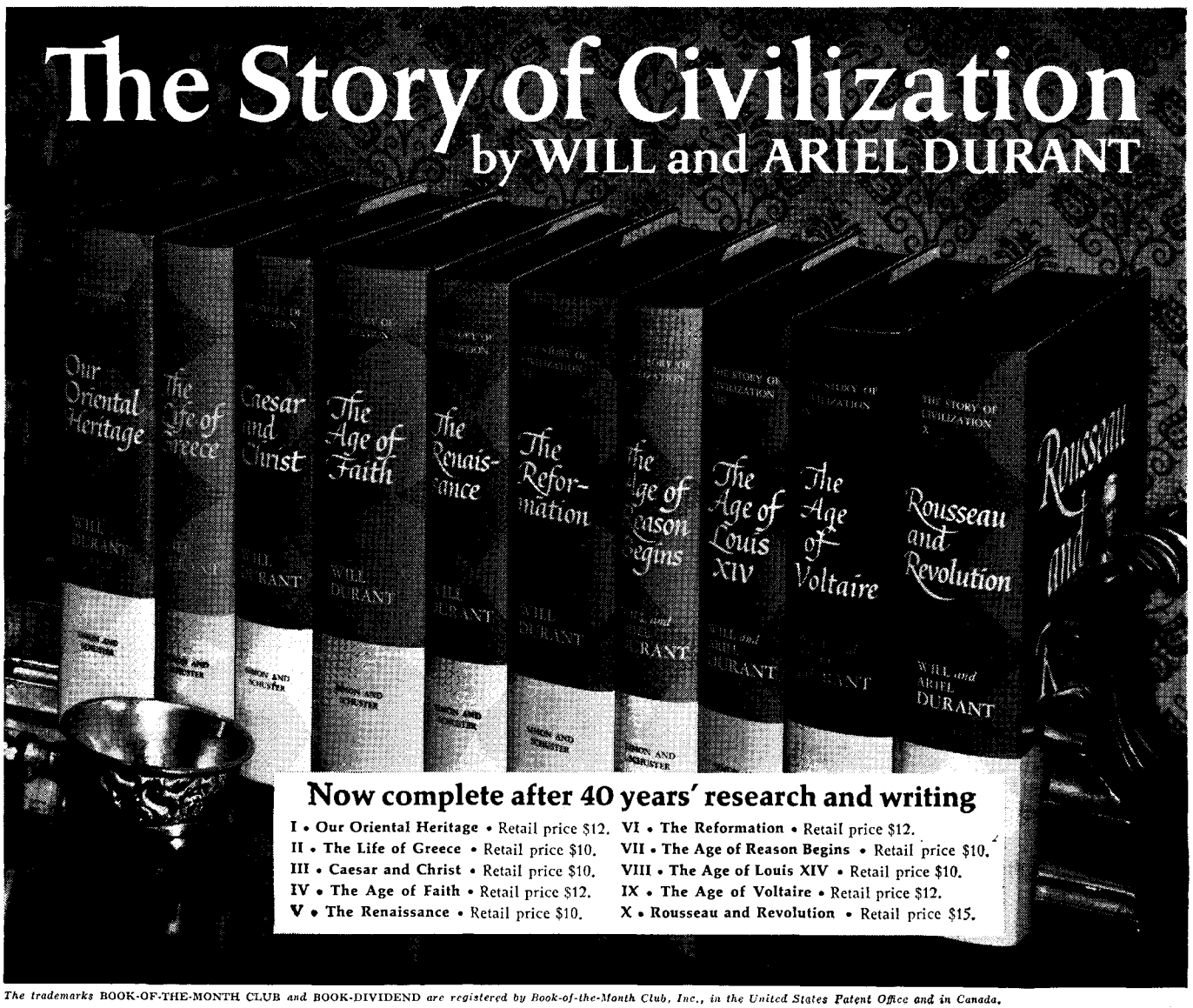
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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Sore Loser

I DIDN'T ASK her to bet me. She asked me to bet her. As we settled down to watch the results on TV, she said, "I'll make you a bet that Humphrey wins the election."

It was like stealing. She has plenty of money. Years ago, she invested heavily in 2-cent stamps. And you know what it costs to send a letter today.

I tried to dissuade her. "Save your money," I said. "You'll only lose. Nixon is a shoo-in. All the polls have told us that."

"Well, at least I'm glad you didn't say Pollacks, like you-know-who. Those polls don't fool me. All those campaign speeches Nixon made with the balloons flying, and the spaghetti throwing. I'll still bet you Humphrey wins."

So we made a bet. And now we're having a drink before dinner the evening after the election. I didn't want to bring up the unpleasant subject of some money changing hands. I led to it tactfully.

"Well," I said, "it was very close, but you sure lost that bet, didn't you?"

"I lost the election, that's the bad part. And that's what I get for listening to you. Didn't you promise me there were millions more Democrats than Republicans?"

"Well, I didn't exactly promise."

"And didn't you tell me the people will all vote for Humphrey because they can always vote for Nixon next time?"

"That was a little joke, Jane."

"There's a time to joke, and a time not. And this was not."

"You're just mad because you lost a bet. Why don't you pay up and we'll eat. I'm hungry. What's for dinner?"

"Meatballs and confetti. And I'm not mad. I'm more uh—I'm scared."

"Scared! You're kidding."

"Oh, no? Did you notice I'm not wearing my Humphrey button any more? What are we going to do now? Where can we go?"

"Go? Hey, you're climbing walls. Cool it. This is America. We're all one big family. Every four years we have our family squabbles; then when they're over, we get together again and go forward. We all have to live in one big house with whatever President is elected. Now we have to live with Nixon."

"Well, I'll live with him, but I won't have any children."

"What on earth does that mean?"

"So they can send them to war? Not me. Never. And if I'm wrong, I'm not far from it."

"Oh, I get it, Lysistrata, hmm?"

"Beg pardon?"

"You remember—the Peloponnesian War—lasted twenty years. Lysistrata resented seeing her children going off to war all the time, so she decided not to live with her husband any more. She was the Greek lady."

"Please, dear, that's not nice. Don't bring her into it. She just got married."

"Oh, sorry. Of course. But you're all wrong about Nixon. He's for ending the war. Didn't you hear him saying he has a solution to end the war, and as soon as he becomes President January 20, he's going to tell us how?"

"That's what I didn't understand. It's like a doctor who says he's found a cure for cancer but he won't tell us what it is till January 20."

"January 20—is that the day you're going to pay me the bet you lost?"

"The one I really feel sorry for is Senator McCarthy."

"I didn't bet him."

"What happened to all those young people who were for McCarthy? Why didn't they vote for Humphrey?"

"Most of them were not of voting age."

"That's it. Aren't you in favor of lowering the voting age?"

"At which end?"

"Beg pardon?"

"I think the voting age should definitely be lowered. Nobody over sixty should be allowed to vote. They're all lobbying for Social Security, old age pensions, and Medicare. Now pay up and let's forget the election. OK?"

"Forget it? I won't forget this election if I live to be as old as Macushla. How can I forget Senator McCarthy? What's going to become of him with all those Republicans all over the place?"

"I think that's unfair. You can't hold the Republicans responsible for the shape the world's in today."

"Well, who do you think is responsible for the shape the world's in today?"

"Rand McNally."

"Oh, him. Well, I'm glad he didn't get in with that George Wallace."

"That was LeMay."

"Whatever."

"Why don't you just pay me the money you lost and let's—"

"Oh, all right. Here's your money."

"Well don't throw it at me."

"I didn't throw it. You let it fall on purpose. Now pick up your quarter and let's eat."

Know any good 15-letter words?

Once in a while, playing SPILL and SPELL*, you hit the jackpot with a 15-letter word like *gerrymanderings*. This gives you 225 points in *one turn*, and it only takes 300 to win! Otherwise you make crosswords with the 15 lettered dice, trying to use them all up before the timer runs out. Any number can play, anywhere, any time. Need some more 15-letter words? How about *existentialists, reconcilability, electropositive* and *psychopathology?*

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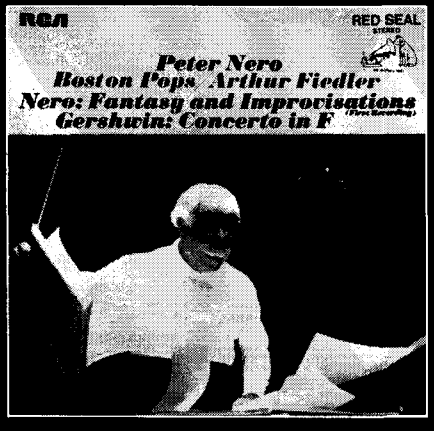
"Così fan tutte," Mozart's enchanting opera, sparkles with humor and wit. Performances and sound are positively stunning. The cast: Leontyne Price, Tatiana Troyanos, Judith Raskin, Sherrill Milnes, George Shirley, and Ezio Flagello, with the New Philharmonia Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf. A turntable event.

RCA

Young, dynamic **Seiji Ozawa** spurs the Chicago Symphony Orchestra to great heights in this recording of Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring." Rarely has an orchestra bitten into this jagged, modern score with such thrust and power. A listening experience.



Peter Nero, pianist, and **Arthur Fiedler,** conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra, have joined forces to produce a shimmering, richly sonorous performance of Gershwin's "Concerto in F." Sharing the exciting LP is Nero's own "Fantasy and Improvisations (Blue Fantasy)," a melodic and rhythmic workout for jazz trio and orchestra that has drawn raves wherever the talented composer/soloist has performed it.*

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Para Derest: In Babylonian *Uhrspinnen*, the Master Catatonic (called by Zeitarsen "der Uberspinnenführer") worked his disciples into a holy trance by means of an endless and intricate close-order drill for which he telepathized the commands. The spiritual perfection of this mind-extending ritual was achieved when thousands of God-intoxicated souls could execute the most convolute maneuvers in unison and at constantly increasing tempi without a single spoken word of command. (See Eursohn und Mein, "Was Befällt?" *passim*.)

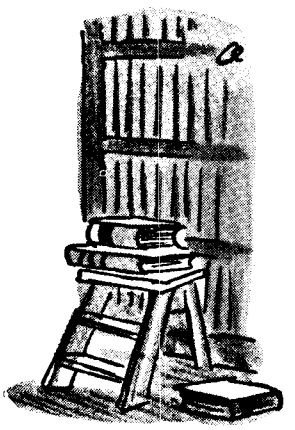
It is this mystery Makathasine immortalized when he caused to appear carved into the living stone of the Invisible Mountain the teaching:

SHUT YOUR EYES AND SEE.
STOP YOUR EARS AND HEAR.
CLOSE YOUR MIND AND I AM GOD.

The *Uhrspinnen* candidates for holy unity sought the fulfillment spoken in the Ahdolasenta: "I left the world by every portal. I entered the universe by every soul."

The physical body, however, remained and had to be destroyed. In earliest times, bread was baked in clay to keep it from burning and to keep it fresh after baking. As the hungry man had to break clay to eat, so, in *Uhrspinnen* teaching, the developing identity had to shatter the body to find soul food. Identity, of course, involved many incarnations (soul bakings). True believers broke the clay to find hotter and hotter bread at each baking until, in the perfect union with Allness, the final shattering of clay revealed only HOT ESSENCE, ODOR OF SANCTITY, and THE PERFECT FOOD OF IDEA, known in *Uhrspinnen* as Derest. Para, cognate in many Indo-European languages with Greek *para*, meant not "alongside of," as in Greek, but "toward." Para Derest was the hymn of the Oawei-Aut soul – the clay-cracker en route to the holy bread of his reincarnation.

The clay cracking was accomplished by expanding the minds of true believers (See Bour Oes, Ghin Sberg, Ol Eeri, and Hip Ee) to a point of bloody non sequitur in which the close-order drill turned into a literal carnage till the last man was dead, his stream of consciousness recorded for ever by the mind-reading powers of the Master Catatonic, who directed this final ritual while standing stiffly upright, feet apart, his left hand clasping his right wrist behind his back, and his eyes fixed unwaveringly before him, a position still known—even in the mind-contracting, brainwashed, imperialist, adventurist U.S. Army—as "parade rest."



Here, translated for the first time into contemporary American-English terms, is the classic Para Derest recorded in First Dynasty Cuneiform by the Master Catatonic of Oawei-Aut at the time of the Drafkar Dboornin (literally "the greatest clay-cracking").

Para Derest

Eyes right to Greek revival
reviewing stands there on
the neo-grassroots Potomac,
the minutes of the meeting
cog under brass airs,
themselves the drumbeat. You
CAN hear eyeballs snap
when Sarge volleys close-order
hellangone. He's the QED
artillery's the logic of.

On, meanwhile, campus reading
one another's placards to
four-letter WHOM, I wait
lotused till my swami come.
Just one more dose now
of Godfloat acid and
I'll love you. Do love you.

Can I find you? Addicts of
prime voids swirl skull walls.
Are you a color? Flower teeth
eat blue bits. In autumn
spectra fall. A vacuum-
cleaner cobalt cloud sucks me.

I'm freefall OM. I won't go
bugling. I'm godloneliness. I
refuse. It's rare here. Not
wrong as doing. A toad

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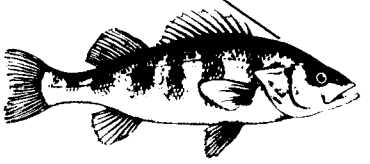
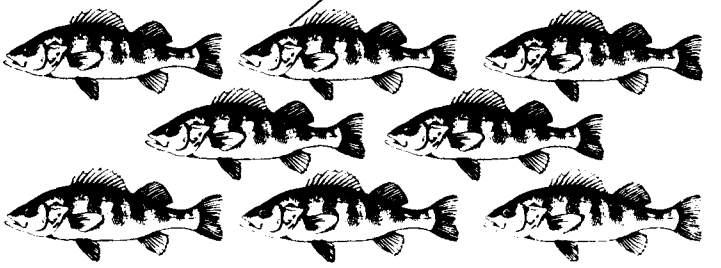
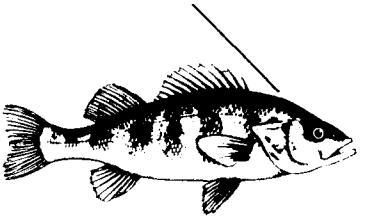
School will come to order.
Our subject today is close to us all—
water pollution.



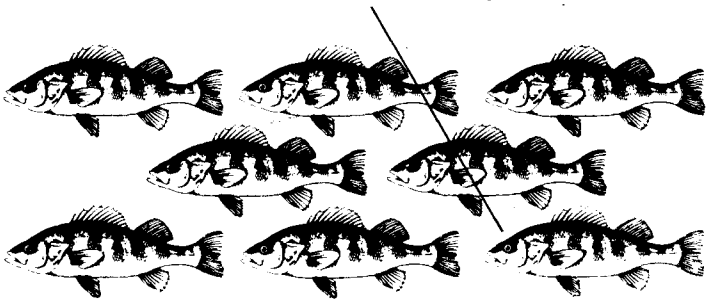
Too close for me.



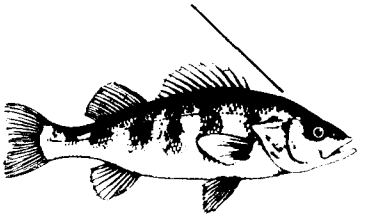
Some of our lakes and streams
couldn't be cleaned up in decades.



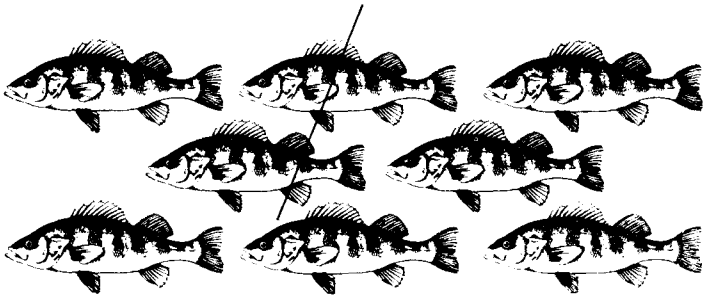
I'll be dead as a mackerel by then.



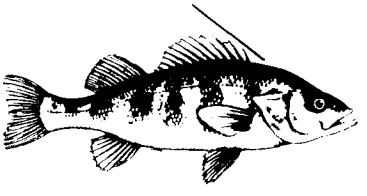
Some rivers are so contaminated
they have an oxygen count of zero.



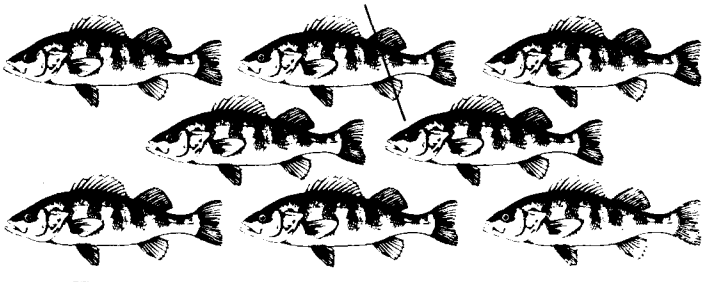
I feel sea-sick.



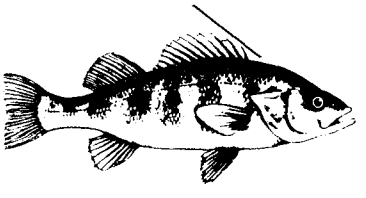
There *is* hope. U. S. Steel, for example, has spent
over $200,000,000 in the last 15 years
on air and water quality control.



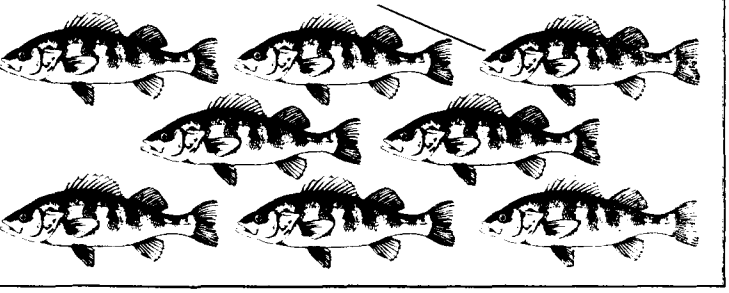
That's a lot of bread to cast
upon the waters.



It's a big job, but U. S. Steel's
ultimate objective is to remove harmful contaminants
from all the water used in their plants.



Do you suppose we could get them to put
fish hooks on their list of contaminants?



USS United States Steel

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with a bullwhip tongue's
flicking WHOM to pinkgulp.
I'm fuzz tripped, but land soft,
bounce to orbit, and go bang
as armaments. Let's
picket a universe. This one
to start. UNFAIR TO APEMAN.
NO CONTRACT NO EVOLUTION.

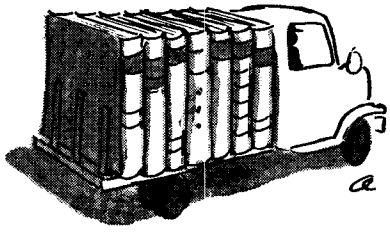
My guru can't strike a
goddamn match for fear a
soul might burn (if
he knew how to rub its
head on his Western pants) but
does know his Yankeedollar
takehome sutra. And Sarge,
he's crap dead of unconceptual
slugs, the poor super-
establishmentarian bastard on
looting detail, climbing
figment's unmountain of fact,

Up OM, love. There's no doing.
There's Is. There's unAin't.
There's easylay Godkick. There's
swami payoff out of
squaredad's taxdodge. There's
cumshaw and transliterated
acid. There's smoking shell holes
in my head like latrine wash-
bowls with the plugs pulled.

I'm draining clockwise in the
gnawthin hemisphere, counter
clockwise in the sodden, and
here comes the equator. WHAT
DO I DO NOW?

There's no
color under. It's all words:
snakeverbs, maggotnouns,
spitstring adjectives, clod
prepositions. Don't go:
you'll drink unfluoridated Ganges
there, lose your connection,
and get your placard ripped
where nobody likes it. It's like
unscrewing your OM all one
mountainside till your WHOM falls
off and starts an avalanche.

Oh, there's precedent. Maybe even
Buddha is still at some allsoul's
repple-depple sweating out one
more trip through everything.
But up, man. Get to Godgetting.
Don't *sign* up. Once you catch a
slug *bop* in the metempsy-
chosis, you'll walk in
too light too weigh, and BANG
you're back in a louse, lover.



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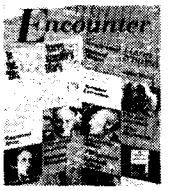

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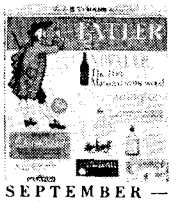

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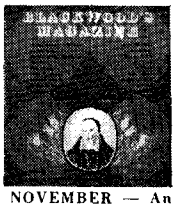

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The Early Irish Epic

By KENNETH REXROTH

CAN something be a classic when, strictly speaking, it does not exist? On the face of it the question is absurd, yet the Ulster Cycle—the stories of King Conchobar, the Knights of the Red Branch, Cuchulain, the tragedy of Deirdre, and the other tales now so familiar—certainly functions as a classic. There is only one trouble. No single integral text embodies the whole epic. The separate books are not accessible to the general public, not even in Irish. Most of the translations in scholarly works are of small literary merit. If the translations are good, the style of the originals is extremely remote to modern taste.

For most of their history, the Irish common people have known little or nothing of the Ulster Cycle. Only sporadic episodes survive in popular folklore, quite unlike the story of the Fenians—Finn MacCool and his band, a brotherhood of warriors something like the free companies of medieval and Renaissance Italy. The Ulster Cycle is concerned only with Ulster, little bigger then than now, isolated from the rest of Ireland, and almost continuously at war with its neighbors, but especially with Munster. The court of the High King, what there was of Ireland as an imperium in those days, is scarcely mentioned.

In spite of all these objections, the Ulster Cycle does function, not only as a classic, but as the fundamental mythic expression of Celtic civilization. More than the Welsh *Mabinogion*, much more than the late medieval French versions of the lost Breton *lais*, or the immense mass of literature connected with King Arthur and the Quest of the Holy Grail, the Irish tales give symbolic and dramatic substance to the archetypes of a culture. Reading even a children's book of Cuchulain stories, you are soon aware that you are dealing with a special sensibility, a way of life, a way of viewing life that led Arnold Toynbee to separate Celtic civilization as distinct from the rest of Western Europe. These are myths, not legends.

Although the manuscripts are all late, and written by Christian monks, and although the originals of the manuscripts came long after the epic itself had taken what final form it possesses, the civilization portrayed is, after Homer, the oldest in European literature. Only partly due to our familiarity with Homer does he seem more modern—the Ulster heroes live in a world of literally "immemorial antiquity," an environment as strange as the inventions of science fiction. Not only that, but the esthetic values are different from our own, as different, say, as those that create the values of the Japanese Noh drama, with its tensions and resolutions of a kind unknown to Western drama from the Greeks to the twentieth century.

Mystery, ritual, tragedy, and a special, unearthly glamour that envelops even the subsidiary characters—there is something of this in the Arthurian legends, especially those of the Grail Quest, but in the stories of Cuchulain and Deirdre these qualities appear in a uniquely pure form. The characters are like the celebrants in the rite of some mystery religion that we cannot understand, but whom we know to be overwhelmingly powerful magicians of an effective magic. Simply as plots the stories themselves are ritualistic. Step by step from birth to death, the life of Cuchulain follows the rubrics of the most ancient sacrificial rites. Behind the love story of Deirdre and Naoise and his brothers Ainlee and Ardan—quite sufficiently a heart-tearing tragedy in itself—and reaching its culmination in perhaps the most beautiful lament in any language, lies another factor, the memory of the struggle of an ancient polyandrous culture against the patriarchal monogamy of the warrior band. This of course is also the germ of the plot of *The Mahabharata*, the Indian epic, and is its most ancient element.

IT is impossible to date the evolution of the Ulster Cycle earlier than the long period from the first to the eighth century A.D. This was certainly the Iron Age. The Celtic invasion of Ireland was long over, yet King Conchobar and his warriors have all the characteristics of Bronze Age civilization. They fight in chariots. They live in ring houses with a communal hearth in the middle, apartments around the side, protected by a wall and ditch. Agriculture is scarcely mentioned. They are the warrior aristocrats of an herdsman society, but they seem to spend more time stealing other people's pigs and cattle than raising their own. Their morality is that of modern gangsters or at least of gangster movies. The ties of loyalty between a warlord and his warrior band with no roots in the community of common people, an especially foolhardy and violent courage, and an overmastering irrational romantic love are the principal values of this society. As tragedies, the stories are more concerned with their violation of the first two, usually due to the third, than to their observance. The Norse sagas, the *Nibelungenlied*, Homer—all presume social order. Their tragedies result from its disruption. The violation of social order is inherent in the early Irish epic. It seems more normal than anything else.

Some of the minor elements are extraordinarily primitive—headhunting is as well developed as in Borneo, ritual cannibalism, battles prefaced by personal combat of the most bloodthirsty character, followed by general mutual destruction, taboos and curses afflicting whole peoples. At Cuchulain's final bat-

(*Continued on page* 79)

"Why do I have to put on so many clothes to watch some people run around in their underwear?"

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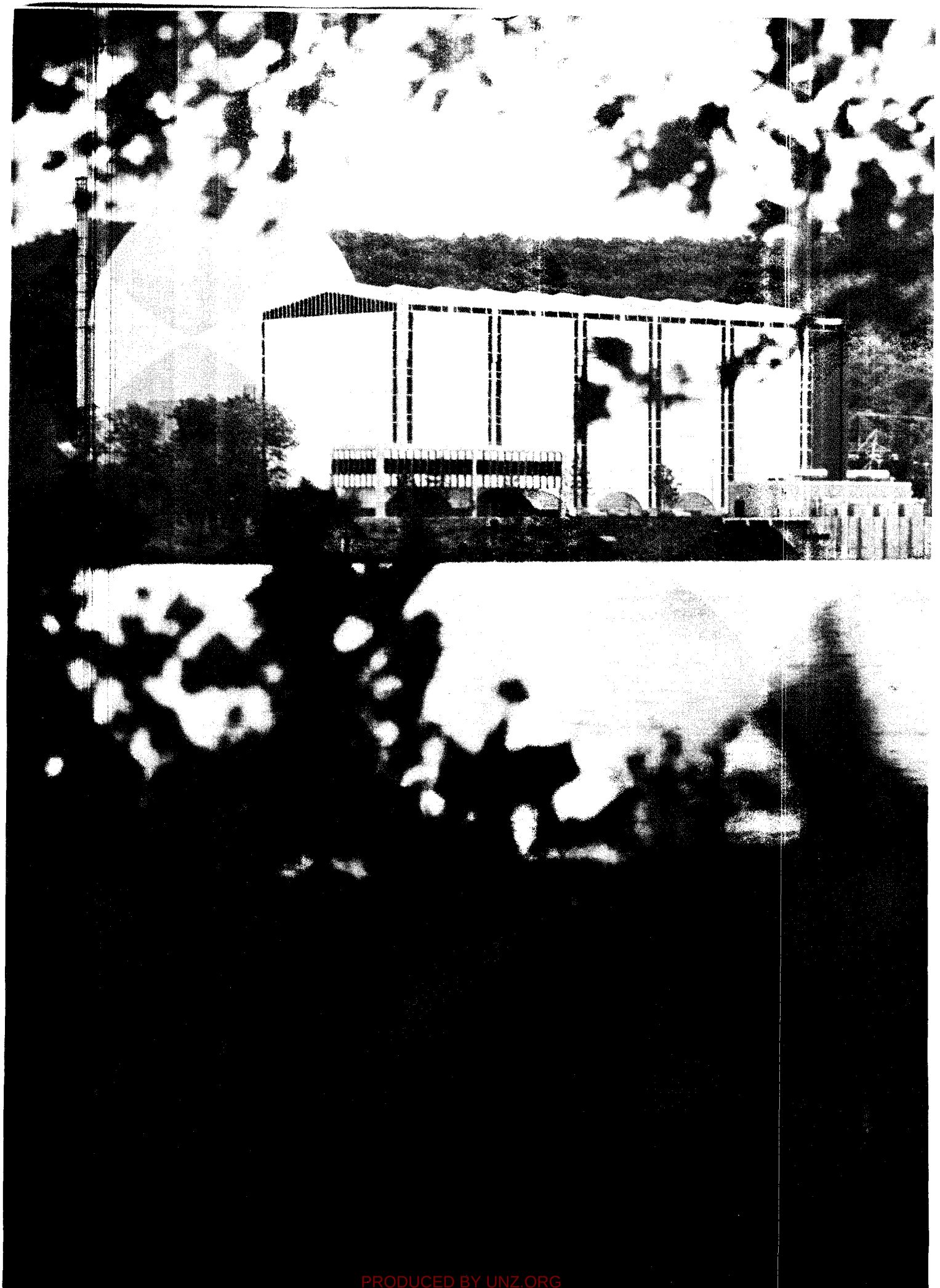

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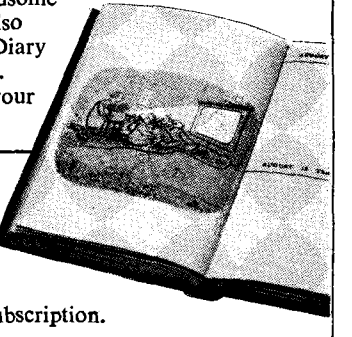

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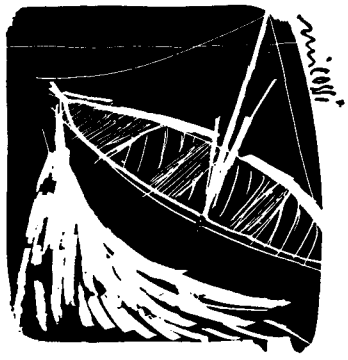
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Among the many revelations about the man in *O'Neill: Son and Playwright* (see page 61) is that Eugene O'Neill and the real-life Auntie Mame crossed paths and were friends for a while. It took place when O'Neill was studying playwriting under George Pierce Baker at Harvard. Among his classmates was Lingard Loud, married to a young actress named Marian Tanner, whose nephew would eventually write her up as the effervescent heroine of *Auntie Mame*. O'Neill and the couple were together often. One day Loud, without warning, walked out on Marian Tanner. She, of course, is still going strong, as a grandmother and sometime actress.

Louis Sheaffer, ex-drama critic, spent seven years on *O'Neill*, turning up so much that this first volume carries the biography only to the year 1920. Sheaffer, for instance, corresponded with 135 surviving classmates of O'Neill's at Princeton, where he spent one year, 1906-07, before dropping out. As for Betts Academy, Stamford, Connecticut, where O'Neill spent four years, the place burned down in 1908, destroying all records. Somehow Sheaffer found some men who went to school with O'Neill



and remembered him.

That kind of digging must turn up new information, and it did. Sheaffer tells the background of Driscoll the stoker, true-life original of *The Hairy Ape*, and how he jumped overboard in mid-ocean. He locates Jimmy the Priest's saloon, which provided material for *Anna Christie* and *The Iceman Cometh*. O'Neill could never have met anyone like Anna at Jimmy's—it was for men only.

Of all the illusions, the Indian rope trick is the greatest. A magician takes a piece of rope about 40 feet long and throws it into the air. Several times it flops back to the ground, but eventually it remains absolutely rigid, rearing high above the heads of the spectators. Then the magician orders his apprentice, a small boy, up the rope. The boy refuses, so the magician grabs a stick and chases him up. From above, the apprentice insults his master, whereupon the latter goes up after him with a huge knife.

There is fighting and screaming. The boy's bloody arms, legs, and head fall to the ground. The magician's terrified assistants gather up the boy's cut-up body and put it in a box. The magician descends the rope, utters some magic words, kicks the box, and out jumps the grinning boy in perfect condition.

I am indebted to *This Baffling World* (Hart, $6.95) by John Godwin, an Aussie newspaperman, for the details of this ultimate peak of conjuring craft. The rope trick is so incredible, even in its description, that there are still many students of the Orient who swear it is legendary. When the Prince of Wales went to India in 1902, he offered $50,000 to anyone who would perform it. No one accepted, nor did anyone when Howard Thurston, the American magician, once offered $1,000 to see it.

As Godwin says in his fascinating explanation, it is a trick, depending on skilled performers and on certain other conditions. To set it up ahead of time, for a bunch of skeptical spectators, would never work. I won't tell you how it's done, but you'll find it in John Godwin's book, and you'll readily understand how a performance of the rope trick entranced Marco Polo, the first European to mention it, and how it has remained the *pièce de résistance* of Oriental magic.

Sharps and Flats: If you've been wondering if there isn't another potential source of tax income besides your own pocketbook, you might be interested to read *The Religion Business* (Knox, $3) by Alfred Balk. Enjoying a privileged tax status, organized religion has "visible assets" of $79.5 billion—double the combined assets of the country's five largest industrial corporations. In addition, religious organizations are exempt from federal income tax on unrelated business income, so they operate profit-making commercial enterprises—shopping centers, hotels, office buildings,

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radio-TV stations, factories, and department stores. An Ohio Protestant group owns the Real Form Girdle Company, a fact revealed by *Women's Wear Daily* under the headline: ROCK OF AGES ON FIRM FOUNDATION.

► If Communism is such a threat to our way of life, how come Mrs. Charlene Mitchell, the party's candidate for President, was not afforded Secret Service protection during the campaign? Apparently, she was able to campaign without any fear for her personal safety.

► The Fort Lauderdale (Florida) City Commission just passed an ordinance banning obscenity in books, magazines, and records. The law is so specific that it is obscene in itself and cannot be made public.

► At the Mactan Alternate International Airport in the Philippines there is a sign: NO UNDERSHIRT ALLOWED IN THE AIRPORT.

► A pornographic movie was inadvertently shown on Palm Springs television late one recent Saturday night after the station had signed off. My reading of the newspaper accounts indicates that those who happened to see it watched for the entire fifteen minutes before they telephoned their complaints to authorities.

► A play concerning nonviolence, with audience participation, is heading for off-off-Broadway. If you leave during the performance, you get beaten up.

► On the Washington, D.C., Beltway a sign reads: FUTURE EXIT NO. 26—NOT OPEN.

► Captain Hugh L. Bates, Saudi Arabian Airlines, reports that the room service menu at the Rabat Hilton features "Crisp combination salad tossed in your room."

► Philip Albanese says, "Show me a man on his way to Rome to protest the Papal ruling on birth control, and I'll show you a man on a pilgrimage."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1806)

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There was a day when court-watching was an interesting sport, and a courtroom full of townspeople reminded lawyers and judges . . . that the courts belong to the people. Now we sit in our family rooms watching television. . . . We elect judges we have never heard of, and seldom see.

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"Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects." Mrs. Mary Pegram

(Note: Mrs. Mary Pegram is a social worker in a large metropolitan area, with an intimate knowledge of the problems of the central city. Her views concerning the ways in which urban decay affects all of us follow:)

"As a social worker, and a black woman, I feel the agonies of second-class citizenship very deeply. Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects.

"I visit cities and walk through their streets, breathing air that's not fit for anyone to breathe; I hear the constant rumble of traffic and feel its vibrations in the soles of my feet; I see the grime caked on windows, walls, sidewalks, and parked cars and shudder as I realize that this dirt is going into our lungs; then I think that life in today's cities is no picnic . . . for anyone . . . black or white. You're a second-class citizen when you live like this.

"Passing any corner where people wait for public transportation, you can see crowds. And they're not all black.

"And I know that everybody is afraid to walk the streets after dark.

"I drive along the roads near rivers and see all the stuff that floats on the water and smell the sickening odor. It's everybody's river and it flows by luxury apartment buildings as well as slum dwellings.

"There's nothing first class about any of it, for any of us.

"If we can make our cities free of filth, free of the overwhelming problems that affect everyone, I believe we'd find a new spirit of pride and optimism in this country. And with that spirit, we'll all become first-class citizens, in every respect."

The future of our cities depends on what we do now. Today.

It's a job that must rest primarily with government. But it's a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . white and non-white alike.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

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The American Economy

Problems and Possibilities for the New Administration

DESPITE unprecedented prosperity, the Nixon Administration—and the nation—will confront economic problems so complex that existing language is barely adequate to describe them. While the United States is approaching a trillion-dollar Gross National Product, we are plagued with a deep sense of economic and social uneasiness, some of it created by prosperity itself. The war economy, chronic poverty, inflation, budget deficits, environmental pollution, inadequate public transportation and medical resources—among others—are pressing yet interrelated items on the economic agenda.

To assess the state of the economy, its shortcomings and its promise, *SR* asked three distinguished writers in the field of economics to contribute their views: Leo Cherne, executive director of the Research Institute of America; Kenneth Boulding, professor of economics at the University of Colorado; and Michael Harrington, chairman of the board of the League for Industrial Democracy. The section also includes an interview with Robert S. McNamara, former Secretary of Defense and now president of the World Bank, who discusses the prospects for international economic development. Their analyses suggest some of the urgent matters that should rank high on the agenda of the new Administration.

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THE TRILLION-DOLLAR FRUSTRATION

By LEO CHERNE

BEFORE President-elect Richard M. Nixon again faces the electorate, he will undoubtedly be able to make the dramatic announcement that the United States has achieved a trillion-dollar Gross National Product. Yet, even at that extraordinary juncture, his Administration is likely to find itself frustrated by the continuing problems of inflation, unemployment, and adverse balance of payments, an unbalanced federal budget, and others, equally familiar.

There will, however, be substantial elements of novelty as the President faces these nagging and persistent problems. Perhaps the most striking difference will flow from the sheer magnitudes behind the figures that make up the Gross National Product. We live in a time of massive industrial and scientific achievements, and also of massive expectations and demands for instant solutions. Can a nation that generates a trillion dollars of goods and services annually continue to plead poverty in response to social needs? Is it possible to parry the demands of any of the clamoring social groups in our national community—or to counsel patience—in the face of such an apparently limitless affluence?

This will, in fact, be only one of many dilemmas which will confront Mr. Nixon. When he receives that first report from his Economic Advisers on the challenges and opportunities he faces—and will face through his four-year term—they will quite literally fill a book. Ranging (hopefully) from the conversion to a full peacetime economy to the economics of space exploration, they will include many serious problem areas.

Among these problems will be some that superficially, at least, seem the same as those that have faced Administrations before his, and have been with us for a long time. There will, however, be serious new difficulties which haven't really existed before because they are part and parcel of our rapid economic expansion. Still other problems, finally, will be related not so much to the size and shape of today's economy as to some of the practices both government and industry have followed while creating this affluence.

It is deceptive, of course, to assume that simply because certain problems have bedeviled previous Administrations, this Administration will be facing the same problems as they did. Not only are community expectations totally different, not only is national impatience sharply increased, not only does the magnitude of national wealth appear to offer unlimited resources, but the very nature of some of the problems has also undergone substantial change.

Language is, unfortunately, unrevealing. Our technology and society have been altered profoundly in recent years. During the last decade, moreover, language has been unable to keep up with this profoundly changed economy. We are forced to use old names for new phenomena, as inadequate as they may be. Take, for the first example, *inflation*, clearly one of the most urgent economic ailments, and one the new Administration must challenge before it can move on a great many other fronts.

THE simplistic definition of inflation as the result of "too much money chasing too few goods" is almost meaningless in the complex economic world of today. The recent period, during which consumer prices have shot up at a 4 per cent or higher annual rate, to cite the most obvious contradiction, has occurred while industry is operating at rates far below its optimum capacity to produce more goods and services. An examination of the monetary statistics, similarly, shows that in recent years the steady climb of price levels has often appeared to be unrelated to the rate at which the money supply has expanded.

In our modern, highly structured economy, we now have cost-push inflation, demand-pull inflation, wage inflation, monetary inflation, and several other varieties. As this bewildering array of types of inflationary problems suggests, there is no single, simple solution that can possibly fit them all. Moreover, as the President will discover when he digs deeper into the problem, almost any

Check List of Economic Problems

Balance of International Payments
Budget Deficits
The Cost of Armament
Foreign Aid
The Stagnant Alliance for Progress
U.S. and the Common Market
Inadequate Base for International Exchange
Massive Federal Debt and Carrying Charges
Price Stability
Reconstruction of Vietnam
Tariff Policy and Increasing Foreign Competition
The Asian Famine of the Seventies
The Shrinking U.S. Gold Reserve

The Aged
Chronic Poor
Education
Medical Care
Population Growth
Unemployment

Agricultural Subsidies and the Industrial Farm
Decaying Ghettos
Environmental Pollution
Inflation
The Anarchy of the Megalopolis
Transportation
The Cost of Space Discovery
The Cost of Ocean Exploration

—L. C.

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step aimed at ameliorating one type of inflationary pressure will very likely aggravate some other economic problem. An attempt to stabilize prices by dampening consumer demand, for instance, will undoubtedly cause somewhat higher unemployment. And higher money costs, as has already been strikingly demonstrated, can be much more effective in choking off housing activity than in slowing down inflation.

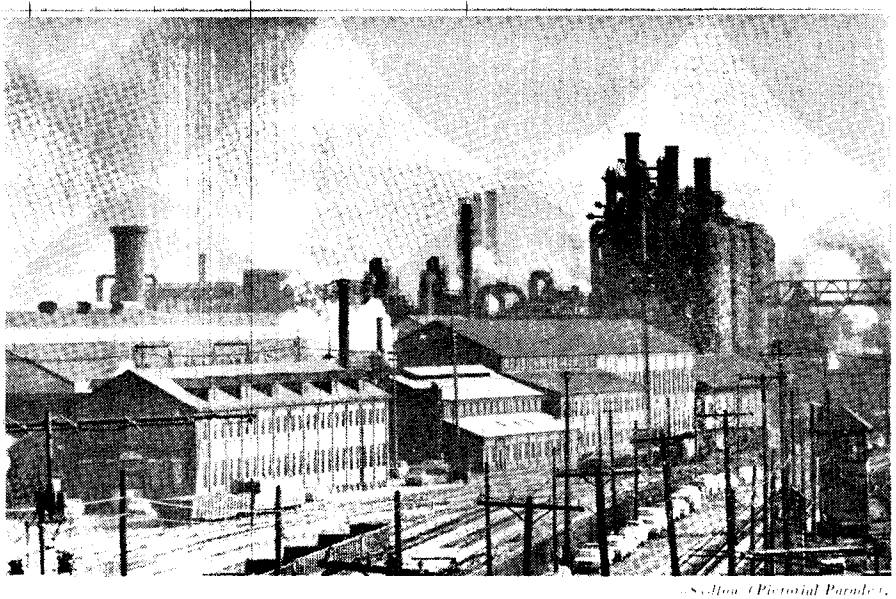
Unemployment is another of the nation's economic problem areas in which only the name hasn't been changed. This becomes strikingly evident if you let yourself look backward a bit. Just a few years ago, the "unemployment problem" was typically stated in terms of keeping the jobless rate from climbing to 6 or 7 per cent of the total labor force. Today, that calamitous situation seems a rather remote possibility; yet unemployment is, if anything, a more critical problem now than at any time since the Depression.

Over the next several years, the challenge of unemployment must be stated in terms of *who* is out of work, rather than *how many* Americans are without jobs. This new problem of the structure of unemployment will all but replace the traditional one of the aggregate level of joblessness; it is already doing so in the discussions among professional economists. And, as most of these economists now agree, the measures to be taken to treat this structural unemployment, if they are to be successful, must necessarily be very different from those applied merely to reduce aggregate unemployment.

Many of these new measures, moreover, will have to be taken in fields not ordinarily considered the province of economics. They will include, for example, massive programs of basic education and re-education, to make large segments of the jobless employable. They will also include expanded programs of medical care, family counseling, and other welfare services, to convert many of those currently considered the "hard-core" unemployed into constructively active members of the work force.

These two examples, as I've already mentioned, involve economic problems which have existed, at least in superficially similar forms, in the past. In deciding what corrective steps to take, Mr. Nixon will have the advantage of knowing what has been attempted by his predecessors, which of these attempts have been partially successful, and which have been dismal failures. He will also, incidentally, have the comfort of knowing that the nation has managed to survive, and even to prosper, and will continue to do so in the future, without having discovered complete cures for these persistent economic ailments.

But there are, as I've also mentioned, a number of serious new economic prob-



—Culver (Pictorial Parade).

"Almost any step aimed at ameliorating one type of inflationary pressure will very likely aggravate some other economic problem."

—Geoffrey Hickey (Pix).

"There will be serious new difficulties which haven't really existed before because they are part and parcel of our rapid economic expansion."

—From "Westinghouse Transit Expressway."

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—*Wide World.*

The New York Stock Exchange—"While the antitrust laws have greatly reduced the possibilities for . . . monopolistic take-overs, they have done nothing to eliminate . . . the abiding desire for business expansion into new fields . . . ."

lems facing the new Administration which are not only totally unlike those faced in the past, but may well become much more urgent and demanding of solution than any we have encountered before. The literal poisoning of our total environment is, some consider, the most complex and urgent of these problems.

MORE is involved here, it must be stressed, than merely the chemical pollution of the atmosphere and our water supply resources, as serious as these results of economic anarchy are. Scientists have now recognized that there is a serious risk of thermal pollution of entire bodies of water, involving destructive changes in the natural balance of marine life, resulting from the transfer of heat in the cooling of the atomic piles of nuclear power generating plants. They are also now deeply concerned over the possible poisoning of our irreplaceable soil reserves by some present waste-disposal practices, both industrial and municipal. And now "noise pollution" has been added to the list of ways in which the explosive and uncontrolled growth of our economy is having decidedly counterproductive effects on the total environment.

In fact, a minimal start has been made toward solving the environmental pollution problem in the very recognition of its existence and its seriousness. The new federal air and water pollution control legislation has at least set up a framework for establishing effective control standards. There is hope that once such limits are set and enforced, the rate at which our natural resources are being destroyed or made useless will be materially slowed. Beyond this, however, a tremendous amount remains to be done, and done quickly, before the process of destruction can be reversed, and the first real steps taken toward restoring the environment to a healthier state.

This may be viewed by some as a social problem, but it is basically a problem in economics, since it is primarily economic activity that has created the difficulty, and since it will have to be solved by massive and costly economic measures. Entire industries—especially some of the newest and fastest growing, such as plastics, petrochemicals, and nuclear energy—have cost structures that are built around their present inexpensive but sometimes destructive waste-disposal methods. One of the most urgent tasks facing the new Administration will be the development of a viable formula under which the gigantic costs of environmental protection can be allocated among industry, Washington, and the affected localities without bankrupting any of them.

Another type of totally new economic ailment is illustrated by the conglomerate corporation. The formation of these giant, diversified business organizations is accelerating rapidly, with economic effects that are so far only partially understood. Even less understood, not surprisingly, is what steps can or should be taken to slow this latest version of the merger movement in American industry.

A half-century of anti-monopoly legislation by Congress and active enforcement by the Executive branch have succeeded in stemming the tide of vertical and horizontal integration in industry—the absorption of suppliers, customers, and competitors by giant corporations. These restrictions have been so successful, in fact, that they have created a whole new form of industrial integration, which now threatens to be a bigger problem than the old-fashioned kind.

THE reason, by hindsight, is relatively simple: While the antitrust laws have greatly reduced the possibilities for vertical and horizontal monopolistic take-overs, they have done nothing to eliminate either the abiding desire for business expansion into new fields or the continually growing economic resources to finance it, among our major corporations. The result has been the development of the "conglomerate" corporation, in which the component parts are unrelated in the conventional anti-competitive ways that have been frowned upon in the past.

The assemblers of conglomerates have usually claimed that the "cross-fertilization" of knowledge and talents involved will result in great benefits to the combined organization. It is too early to judge the validity of this beneficial claim of "synthetic" benefits, but it is not too early to predict that the rapid acceleration in the rate of these conglomerate mergers will create serious economic problems, and that these will not only concern the new President, but may take another half century of legislative and regulatory activity to untangle.

There is one common characteristic among many of these newly emerging

(*Continued on page* 83)

"Many of our new and emerging economic ills can themselves be identified as the unhappy and unintended results of the great technological, social, and economic advances of the past several decades."

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THE MANY FAILURES OF SUCCESS

By KENNETH BOULDING

THE American economy is a curious mixture of success and failure. The overall success can almost be described as "uproarious." Per capita Gross National Product is now about $4,000 per head and has been rising rapidly, especially in the last eight years. The proportion of people and even the absolute numbers below the rather arbitrary poverty line of $3,000 per family have been declining quite sharply. We have not had a really serious depression for over twenty years, we have had the longest continuous upsurge in American history, and, simply looking at the figures, there seems hardly anything to say but "Hallelujah!"

At the same time we seem to be suffering from a strange malaise. At a time when poverty is diminishing rapidly, it has become an enormous problem; we are aware of it as we have never been in our history. In spite of our economic advances, at least 10 per cent and perhaps as many as 20 per cent of American citizens think of themselves as "poor" and are considered poor by the rest of us. We have had assassinations and riots, and the Wallace candidacy looked alarmingly like Hitler's movement in the 1920s. There seems to be an extraordinary contrast therefore between the apparent realities expressed in statistics and our perception of our own condition. We are like men looking at the world through a pair of spectacles with a rose-colored lens on the right and a dark blue lens on the left. The view is inevitably confusing.

Some of these problems have deep roots in our history, but most of them do not go back more than forty years. The great Depression which began in 1929 produced an upheaval which overthrew the then-dominant Republican establishment and gave us the New Deal in 1932. In spite of some long-run accomplishments like Social Security, the New Deal was a failure, and it is surprising how unwilling most of us are to admit it. The major problem of the day, unemployment, was not solved. In 1937 and 1938 we had a depression which was not only the sharpest in American history but also carried us a long way back to 1932. It is one of the ironies of history that this was probably caused by the sudden introduction of Social Security and the resulting increase in total tax collections. The Second World War, which followed, was financed almost entirely out of previous unemployment so that consumption fell hardly at all, even in the middle of the war. The unemployment problem was solved. By and large it has never recurred.

This solution, however, has produced a dangerous myth—that only a large war industry can give us full employment. Unquestionably it helps to explain the continued power of the military, and, indirectly, the war in Vietnam. (Part of the blame for Vietnam must also be put on the shoulders of President Kennedy and the "mad liberals" who dreamed up the expansion of the Vietnam war to relieve the pressure on Berlin. The results internally have been disastrous. T. C. Schelling made what appears to be the most profound statement of the decade. The impact of the use of force, he said, is greater on the user than it is on the victim. The bombing in Vietnam, he went on, has changed Vietnam very little but has had a profound impact on the United States. It has destroyed a President, and it threatens to destroy the Democratic party.)

Part of the national malaise has been produced by the draft, which is an absurd form of taxation in kind. It is grossly inequitable, a symbol of the perpetual war of the old against the young, totally inconsistent with the free market economy, and deeply threatening to the internal stability of the present political order. The draft could not survive if it were not for the great myth of the economic need for a large war industry. It is now a matter of careful research that the draft is not even necessary for a large war industry—that with a relatively small expansion of the military budget we could obtain a volunteer armed force equal in size to the one we have now. In spite of this, thoughtful men can seriously propose a lottery for the draft, though this makes no more sense than a lottery for the income tax in which some citizens are favored with no tax at all and others would pay a threefold tax,

—*Ernest Reshovsky (Pix).*

"Most of the resources which have been released from agriculture have gone into the war industry rather than into domestic consumption."

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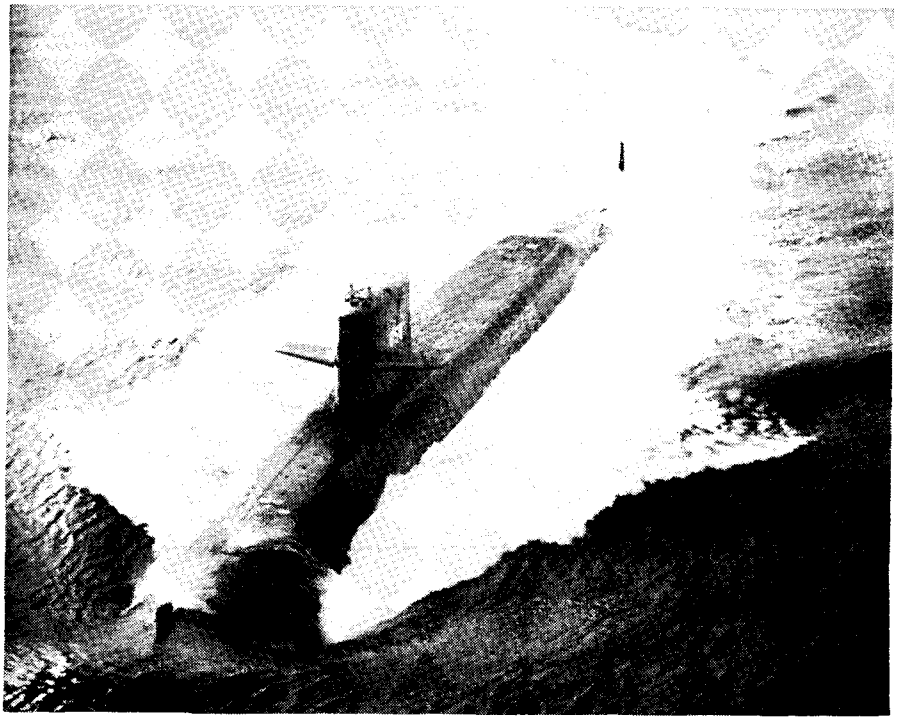

"The war industry, the largest single source of our discontents, requires a more modest appraisal of our role in the international system."

depending on the way the tickets were drawn.

The war industry contributes directly to some of our sense of economic malaise. The military budget comes mainly out of household consumption. The structure of the Gross National Product in, say, 1929 compared with what it is today reveals two major changes: a rise in the war industry from 1 per cent to nearly 10 per cent of the Gross National Product, and a decline in household consumption from 73 per cent to 63 per cent. In the last forty years technological changes have produced a striking decline in agriculture as a proportion of the Gross National Product. Most of the resources which have been released from agriculture, however, have gone into the war industry rather than into domestic consumption.

IT is no wonder, therefore, that the average American has a curious sense of being cheated, even though he does not know quite of what. He has been cheated out of some of the fruits of progress. The qualitative structure of the war industry absorbs much more than 10 per cent of what might be called the "growth effort" of the society. Although it is hard to put an exact figure on this, the military-space complex seems to have absorbed about 60 per cent of research and development in the last few years. (It may not have caused much diminution in the overall quantity of civilian investment, mainly because it has come out of consumption rather than investment.) Qualitatively, however, there seems little doubt that the war industry has diminished the overall rate of growth of the American economy. It has produced a space-military sector which is technologically so far ahead of the rest of us that it no longer feeds back into the civilian economy in any great measure. We are, therefore, robbing our grandchildren rather than ourselves.

THERE is another reason for our sense of malaise: We are subsidizing the rich. One of the striking phenomena of the last forty years has been the rise in what is now called the "grants economy," that segment of the economy which deals with one-way transfers of exchangeables. The grants economy has a private sector which represents no more than 2 or 3 per cent of the Gross National Product, and a public sector which is about 10 per cent. The proportion of GNP which is represented by the grants economy in any society is at least a rough measure of the sense of community, for we make one-way transfers only to people with whom we have a sense of community. Because the sense of community is not unlimited, however, the grants economy is subject to scarcity. There are limits beyond which it cannot be expanded. We are reaching these limits in the field of education, which is being seriously threatened because of the failure of the grants economy, which largely supports it, to rise in proportion to the need.

The grants economy has many purposes, one of which is to stimulate economic development. In the United States, it has performed this function fairly well. But in the task of reducing inequalities and eliminating injustices we have fallen down badly. A large proportion of our grants economy, both public and private, consists of redistributions to the rich and the middle class, rather than to the poor. Agricultural subsidies were sold to the country with the argument that the farmers were poor and should be supported. They actually resulted in outrageous subsidies to rich farmers and have done very little for those who are poor. Educational subsidies to such institutions as state universities and public school systems aid the rich and the middle class. Even the war on poverty may well have distributed more to those who work as administrators than it has to the poor. It is not surprising, therefore, that the poor, even though many of them are getting richer, feel cheated. This sense of cheat, trust betrayed, and expectations disappointed is corrupting, and is the source of a great deal of our political and psychological malaise. The New Deal and its successors were at least in part a fraud. Social democracy in practice has meant much more in redistributions toward the deserving middle class and the people who know how to get on the gravy train than it has for the poor, who are supposed to be the principal beneficiaries. "What we have in this country," it has been said, "is socialism for the rich and free private enterprise for the poor."

The basic paradox of this strange sense of failure in the midst of success is perhaps largely explained by the paradoxes of the grants economy. From the point of view of overall economic development, the American grants economy has been very successful. In agriculture, for example, we have had, since 1932, an extraordinary technological advance, averaging in terms of labor productivity almost 6 per cent per annum, which has far outdistanced any other segment of the economy. Manufacturing industry limps along with a rate of growth of less than 3 per cent per year. The reason for the technological success in agriculture, which is after all the foundation of a great deal of our overall economic development, lies precisely in the fact that the grants have gone to the rich. It is the rich farmer who has been subsidized and who therefore has been free to innovate and invest in a way that he did not in the fifty years before 1930, when agriculture in this country was relatively stagnant. The very policy which has cheated the poor therefore has, in a sense, laid the foundation for subsequent riches.

Our educational policy, which subsidizes the rich, has encouraged the richer part of the population to invest in human resources in ways they otherwise probably would not have done, producing, in turn, substantial increases in our overall productivity. It could well be that the grants economy in edu-

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cation has produced a rate of return which exceeds even what it produced in agriculture. Here again the poor have been cheated. At the same time, subsidizing the rich has laid the foundation for the ultimate conquest of poverty. Much the same can be said of public works, irrigation and water policies, flood control, public housing, urban renewal, and other aspects of social policies since the Thirties. All these have done very little for the poor and some of them may even have damaged the poor, but they have also often laid the foundations for further advance.

Has the time come, therefore, for a radical reappraisal of our economic policy and a major shift in its direction? The technological revolution in agriculture has gone so far that now there are few resources to be released from agriculture. Agriculture comprises only about 7 or 8 per cent of the labor force and only about 5 per cent of the Gross National Product. The doubling of agricultural productivity now would release only 2.5 per cent of the GNP for other purposes. There is no point, therefore, in putting large resources into agricultural development and still less point in subsidizing the rich farmers.

IN education we face a more serious problem. Unlike agriculture, education is a technologically unprogressive segment of the economy and hence absorbs a larger and larger proportion of real resources. It has to expand with the increase in knowledge, for the more knowledge there is the more resources it takes to transmit it to the next generation. There is a lot to be said for putting substantial resources into technological advance in education, but this will be resisted tooth and nail by the existing generation of educators, and it is still a question as to whether much technological advance is possible. If it is not, then we face a serious crisis. The educational industry of the year 2000 cannot be financed unless there is a remarkable increase in the sense of community in this country.

There is a great deal to be said, therefore, for pushing the educational industry more into the market sector of the economy and away from the grants economy. This is implied in such proposals as an educational bank for lending students the full cost of their education under conditions of lifetime repayment through, for example, a surcharge on the income tax. This is treating education as a rather peculiar kind of investment, which it is, and hence getting it out from under the pure grants economy.

We should likewise take a very hard look at the grants system in other fields of civilian government activity, both from the point of view of future development and from the point of view of redistribution of income. A great deal of what we are spending on rivers and harbors, irrigation and water development, generally is wasted. And a large part of it goes as subsidy to the rich. A great deal of what we do in this area, therefore, might be described as planning without people in mind. The prize example would be the Feather River Project in California which is designed largely to subsidize the rich landowners of Kern County.

"We are suffering from delusions of grandeur because we have not comprehended the fact that in the modern world being the greatest nation spells nothing but frustration. The national image should be changed from that of the only superpower into that of a primus inter pares."

THE war industry, the largest single source of our discontents, requires a more modest appraisal of our role in the international system. We are suffering from delusions of grandeur because we have not comprehended the fact that in the modern world being the greatest nation spells nothing but frustration. The national image should be changed from that of the only superpower into that of a *primus inter pares*. We are, to be sure, going to be the richest country in the world for a long time to come, but this does not mean that we have to assume a role that can only result in our being the world's bully. Our history has conditioned us for our unfortunate self-image simply because war, on the whole, has paid off. At the moment we are the only country in the world that is not war weary and that has not had a disastrous experience in war in the last generation. Perhaps the internal effects of the war in Vietnam, small as it is quantitatively (only 3 per cent of the GNP), will act as a shock treatment and make us realize that national greatness is a mental disease and that anybody who thinks he is Napoleon, including Napoleon, should be put away.

We must convince ourselves that our success gives us resources to deal with failure. If at this moment in our history we can realize this, we may well look back on 1968 as the fundamental turning point, the year when we began to use our success to deal with our failures.

—Henry Monroe (Pix).

Hospital clinic's waiting room—"In the task of reducing inequalities and eliminating injustices we have fallen down badly. A large proportion of our grants economy ...consists of redistributions to the rich and the middle class, rather than to the poor."

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THE URGENT CASE FOR SOCIAL INVESTMENT

—James Foote (Bethel).

"The welfare system is now so inadequate that even conservatives understand that something must be done."

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE incredible American economy has such unprecedented wealth that it can afford both guns and butter, a tragic conflict in Southeast Asia and a social crusade at home. But, as the experience of the last four years demonstrates, econometric and political possibilities are not the same thing. The war drove the entire society to the right and turned the populist victor of the 1964 landslide into the campaign drop-out of 1968. As the bold promises were not fulfilled, those to whom they were made became angry and, in sections of the working and lower middle classes, an atmosphere was created which was conducive to a fascistic appeal.

The war, then, is the prime obstacle to social change. As McGeorge Bundy, one of the architects of the tragedy, recently admitted, its continuation will drive the best generation this country has ever known out of the democratic process. It will also intensify all the evils suffered by those at the bottom of the society and, therefore, exacerbate race hatred and the class war between the have-nots and the have-littles. As the saying rightly goes, America is not governable with Vietnam, as it is. And that is why this issue must be placed at the top of the domestic, as well as the international, agenda by the new Administration.

I suspect that America has learned the bitter lesson quite well: this nation is not the policeman of the world. President-elect Nixon is undoubtedly contemplating the sorrowful example of Lyndon Johnson—and attempting to avoid it. That is all well and good, particularly if it results in America's withdrawing its support from the motley crew of despots and dictators which it has assembled in the "free world" during two decades of cold war.

But there is also the very real danger that the United States will fall into a neo-isolationism at the same time. Foreign aid in 1968 reached a new low, and there is no real sign of hopeful change. At the same time, huge, multinational corporations reached a new high, and this can only worsen the intolerable conditions in the Third World. As Sanford Rose put it in the September *Fortune*, "these companies now regard the world rather than the nation state as their natural and logical operating area," and they concentrate their "production in the area where costs are lowest, and build up . . . sales where the market is most lucrative," an approach scientifically designed to make the global rich richer and the poor poorer.

ONE result of this trend is that the eighteenth largest GNP in the world is now produced by General Motors (its $20.2 billion ranks ahead of Argentina's $18.7, Belgium's $18.1, and Czechoslovakia's $13.4 billion, and Ford Motor's twenty-third ranking of $12.2 billion). There is no automatic relationship between poverty and insurgence, as Che Guevara lost his life to discover, but an increasing maldistribution of the world's wealth will eventually be congenial to one or two more Vietnams. Therefore, in the name of an enlightened self-interest, as well as out of the dictates of the most elemental justice, the new Administration will have to seek a dramatic reversal of the present tendencies of the international economy.

Multinational corporations may provide the nucleus of an answer. If General Motors and Ford can use a "systems" approach to their global investments (and if, as Mr. Rose tells us, Du Pont can attempt to measure "environmental uncertainty"—i.e., the dangers of revolution—"basically as a tool for capital budgeting decisions"), then the United Nations could, and should, engage in world economic planning for development. And since such an undertaking could actually show results, Americans might even come to understand that it is preferable to our present jerry-built foreign aid program which is designed to keep the Pentagon, the State Department, and the American businessman happy, first of all, and incidentally to give a crumb or two to the ex-colonials.

Coming closer to home, an end to the Vietnam tragedy will vastly increase the amount of funds available to the new Administration for social construction. That does not mean that the $30 billion-plus investment in Southeast Asia will be immediately available to anti-poverty planners. The 1968 report of the Council of Economic Advisers computed that roughly $15 billion would be at hand in the first eighteen months after the peace, and half of that would come from the normal "dividend" of a growing economy and not from arms cuts. But even so, there will be a qualitative jump in the resources which the new Administration could command.

THERE will be a dirty political fight over who gets those billions. The military and their powerful Congressional allies will propose to spend it on a new anti-missile system which, in addition to diverting the money from social purposes, could make a major contribution to the revival and intensification of the cold war. The business community, despite all of the Giving-of-a-Damn of the Urban Coalition, will probably want more than a little reactionary Keynesian stimulation of the economy through tax cuts rather than social investments. And, as happened with the more than $20 billion of relief provided by President Johnson, that will predictably maximize individual consumption and disproportionately reward rich individuals and corporations. It will, in other words, make all the public crises worse and simultaneously increase the GNP.

A determined battle will have to be waged by reformers and radicals to keep a major portion of that "found" money out of the pockets of generals and ex-

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ecutives and put it into the satisfaction of desperately urgent social needs. If that fight can be won, then there is no problem in identifying what must be done quantitatively. Presidential commissions, Congressional committees, and various scholars have been documenting our national deficit in human decency. The imperative necessities have been brilliantly catalogued and ignored.

In the area of housing, there is a current backlog of 6,000,000 deteriorated units (and, the Economic Advisers told us this year, their number has been constant or on the increase during four years of a "war" on poverty). In addition, as *The New York Times* noted editorially earlier this year, about 600,000 additional units deteriorate each year, which means that the current Model Cities targets, if achieved, will leave the nation in three years with 100,000 more rotten dwellings than it has now. At the present time, however, the prospects for fulfilling the ends stated in the Model Cities Act are about as good as those for reaching the goals which Robert Taft envisioned in 1949 for the Taft-Wagner-Ellender Housing Act. We have yet to catch up with what that Republican Senator said we needed in low-cost housing by 1953.

THESE alarming statistics understate the problem. That famous baby boom which is now bursting the seams of the educational system is about to explode in the housing market, creating an even more rapid expansion of need than in the recent past. And although the official (and overly optimistic) figures put the national poverty percentage at around 16 per cent, they also show that 25 per cent of the country's children live in families that are poor or nearly so. As this group begins to form their own impoverished families, that will put an even greater pressure on the utterly inadequate supply of housing for those at the bottom of the income pyramid.

There is a tremendous deficit in decent, non-poverty jobs. "Sub-employment" in the slums is five, and even ten, times greater than "unemployment" in the nation (the official count only numbers those out of work looking for work; the sub-employment index includes that group plus those forced out of the labor market, not counted by the census, the working poor, and the part-time unemployed). As the Riot Commission made abundantly clear, the most desperate citizen of the ghetto is not the totally impoverished and hard-core unemployed. The most miserable drop out of protest as well as work. The typical rioter has some education and some work—but often a routine, dead-end job. From the point of view of "fire insurance" as well as justice (and there are those who confuse the two motives), it is not simply necessary to bring the unemployment rate down to the original Kennedy goal of 3 per cent, or even to my own target of total full employment. The new Administration must seek to end under-employment. Its goal must be to give every able-bodied citizen the right to a decently paid and useful job.

"The economics of free enterprise make it unlikely that the entrepreneurs—even with tax incentives and subsidies—are really going to involve themselves in the high risk problems of the poor."

The proposals in the last paragraph will be so much pie-in-the-sky if the Business Council has its way. And since the Council is the most politically powerful center of corporate influence in America, the next Administration is going to have to take note of its outrageous perspective. At its October 1968 meeting at Hot Springs, Virginia, the Council was reliably reported to have endorsed the notion of increasing unemployment to 5 per cent, or even 6 per cent, in order to fight inflation. This would mean, for openers, that practically all of the hard-core unemployed put to work by conscientious businessmen during the last year would be kicked out in the street. It would also mean that other workers, who are not poor, would suffer the same fate. And as various commentators and government officials have warned, 5 per cent unemployment might lead to 7 per cent or 8 per cent, since such calculated cruelties are hard to calibrate precisely. The corporate chiefs, as I noted at the time, should change their slogan from "Give a Damn" to "Go to Hell."

MAKING the optimistic assumption that the new Administration will not require that the poor and the worst-off workers will pay with unemployment in order to stabilize the dollars and prices of the affluent, how could Washington begin to work toward full and meaningful employment? Here again, the dramatic answer has been properly annotated by scores of commissions, committees, and experts: through a vast increase in nonprofessional jobs in the public (federal, state, municipal, and voluntary) sector, jobs that would improve the quality of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in this country. There have already been thousands of demonstrations that the poor, without any further training or education, can begin such new careers. Proving that point has been one of the most important gains of the current skirmish against poverty.

Legislators like Senator Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania and Congressman James O'Hara of Michigan have introduced bills which would provide funds to activate some of the (literally) millions of employments which have already been identified in this area. Here, as in the case of housing, "all" that the new President has to do is to act upon the existing proposals.

Education is clearly a major point on the social agenda of a technological society. The Government now tells us that a black high school *graduate* reads at an eighth grade level (that was the figure of last year's Manpower Report). Last January, the Advisory Commission on Inter-Governmental Relations noted that "the schools serving low-income central city children are receiving less per pupil as well as per capita than those serving the most affluent suburbs." In plain English, this means that tax

A backlog of 6,000,000 deteriorated housing units.

—Henry Monroe (Pix).

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funds are being used to intensify inequality—and racial economic inequality—at this truly critical moment in the nation's history. To deal with this scandal requires both a massive investment right now for quality segregated education in the ghetto *and* a crash program to create an entirely new, and integrated, public school system in the United States (a chief instrument of this policy should be, as will be seen, a gigantic commitment to the building of new towns).

BEFORE leaving this point, a fashionable panacea should at least be noted. Black militants and many fine white liberals and radicals have responded to the crime committed against the spirit and intelligence of the children of poverty by demanding decentralization of the school system. I happen to believe that, given districts large enough to be racially integrated and economically functional, community participation is an excellent idea. But sometimes the enthusiasm for this approach leads its most vigorous advocates to buy some variant or another of Milton Friedman's laissez-faire utopia. Let us, it is said, rid ourselves of the dead hand of the educational bureaucracy; let us provide each parent (or the collective parents of a neighborhood school) with a government credit and they can then go out and buy the schooling they want on the free market. That, it is said, will maximize democratic choice and school quality.

The educational market is no more "free" than the housing market, i.e., in such a competition, the parents of the middle class and the rich will utilize their economic, social, and political advantages to turn the public subsidy to their own purposes and to push the poor even further behind. So, important as decentralization is, the next Administration should adopt a policy goal whereby it consciously seeks to reverse the intolerable misallocations described by the Inter-Governmental Commission. The poor, so to speak, cannot be given the same voucher as everyone else. Having been systematically deprived for so long, they require the use of federal power to make the schooling market more favorable to them than to the children of affluent homes.

Finally, there is one item in this brief agenda where it might be possible to make significant progress: social welfare and social security. The American welfare system is now so inadequate and bankrupt that even the conservatives understand that something must be done.

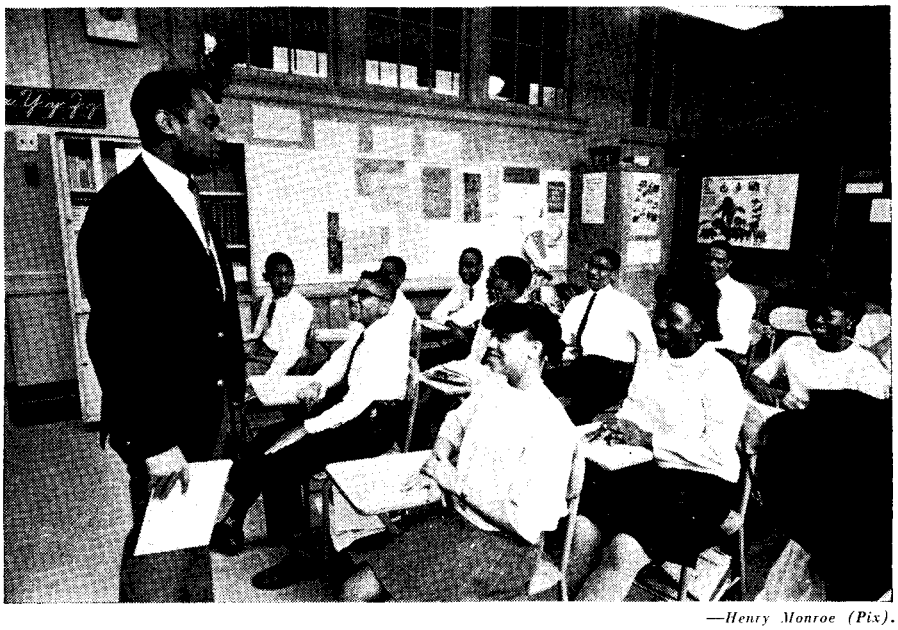
The facts are well-enough known. Roughly two-thirds of the poor receive no public assistance payments (and two-thirds of the ghetto dwellers in Detroit, Newark, and New Haven had little or no contact with any of the five major federal social programs in the period just before the riots of 1967). The one-third lucky enough to be covered by a program often receive meager benefits, particularly if they are the poorest of the poor in the most impoverished states: $45 a month is not that unusual. Roughly 82 per cent of the officially defined poor people do not participate in food stamp or surplus programs. And on and on, from statistical misery to statistical misery.

To fulfill the New Deal pledges of three decades ago, the nation must adopt the principle of a guaranteed—well paying, useful—job or a guaranteed income for all. That was the program embodied in Martin Luther King, Jr.'s "economic bill of rights." There is one danger in this proposition. For the conservative version of the guaranteed income—say Milton Friedman's "negative income tax"—is usually proposed as a substitute for the entire welfare state (and usually a very cheap one, at that). This view overlooks the fact that the people of the other America are not simply poor in individual consumption income (though that is certainly a major problem), but in social consumption income as well. The private housing market, with all of the generous federal subsidies, does not even begin until a family has an income of around $8,000 a year, or more than twice the resources of the best off of the poor. Those under that level, which includes the entire poverty population as well as a considerable segment of the working and lower middle classes, will be able to purchase a decent dwelling only if there is a major social investment to right these systematic (and tax-supported) inequities. Therefore, it is crucial that the guaranteed income be seen as one, and only one, element in a much larger program which will necessitate a major expansion of, and qualitative change in, the welfare state.

THIS last point leads to a consideration which applies to every item on the social agenda: the need for new, innovating institutions if there is the least possibility of taking the nation's commitments seriously.

Although practically every politician in America is in favor of bringing the "genius of private enterprise" to bear on social problems, the evidence simply does not support their fond hopes. Take job generation as an example. On March 15, 1967, the Secretary of Labor announced the Concentrated Employment Program which was to open up 25,000 to 40,000 new private jobs in six months through federal-corporate cooperation, and to place 100,000 to 150,000 men and women during the fiscal year. Nine months later, there were 6,900 new employments, and 6,600 workers had completed the program but didn't have jobs. In Pittsburgh, the *Wall Street Journal* reported, industry put on seven men; in Oakland, eight; and in New York, none. This failure was then made the model for the JOBS program (Job Opportunities in the Business Sector). In 1968, the National Alliance of Business, operating within this perspective, was supposed to come up with 200,000 summer jobs. It located less than 60,000.

Then, in October 1968, the *Wall Street Journal* reported on some successes. With federal help, Westinghouse, AVCO, IBM, and Control Data had



—*Henry Monroe (Pix).*

"The poor cannot be given the same voucher as everyone else. Having been systematically deprived for so long, they require the use of federal power to make the schooling market more favorable to them than to the children of affluent homes."

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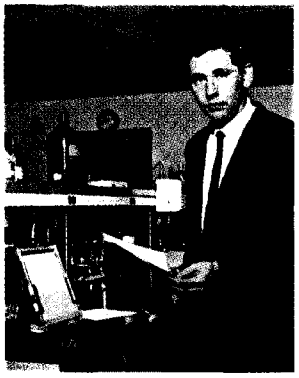
Some see our biggest responsibility as an employer that channels human energies usefully.

Bill Bryan works for Kodak in the paint industry to reduce air pollution with better solvents.



A. D. Baitsholts works for Kodak with medical laboratories on more efficient diagnostic procedures.

Chuck Ferren works for Kodak in the printing-graphic arts industry.

John Edmisten works for Kodak in the petroleum industry on fuel additives.

Neil Danehy works for Kodak in the beef cattle industry with injectable vitamins.

Paul Braman works for Kodak in the metalworking industry with chemical milling.

Dr. Robert Silha works for Kodak with fellow dentists to get more patient benefit with less x-ray exposure.

Luke Dey works for Kodak with fire and police departments.

Bill Sykes works for Kodak with electron microscopists.

Bob Evans works for Kodak with bakers to improve bread, cakes, and toppings.

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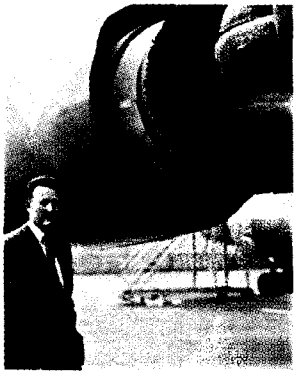

Harry Knudsen works for Kodak in the air transport industry to check safety with x-rays.

Ed Ince works for Kodak with bankers to record computer output.

Otis Finley works for Kodak with teachers on audiovisual techniques.

Harry Mahn works for Kodak in the automotive industry with plastic fittings.

Andy MacDowell works for Kodak with athletic coaches to analyze performance.

Al Effros works for Kodak in the telephone industry improving information service.

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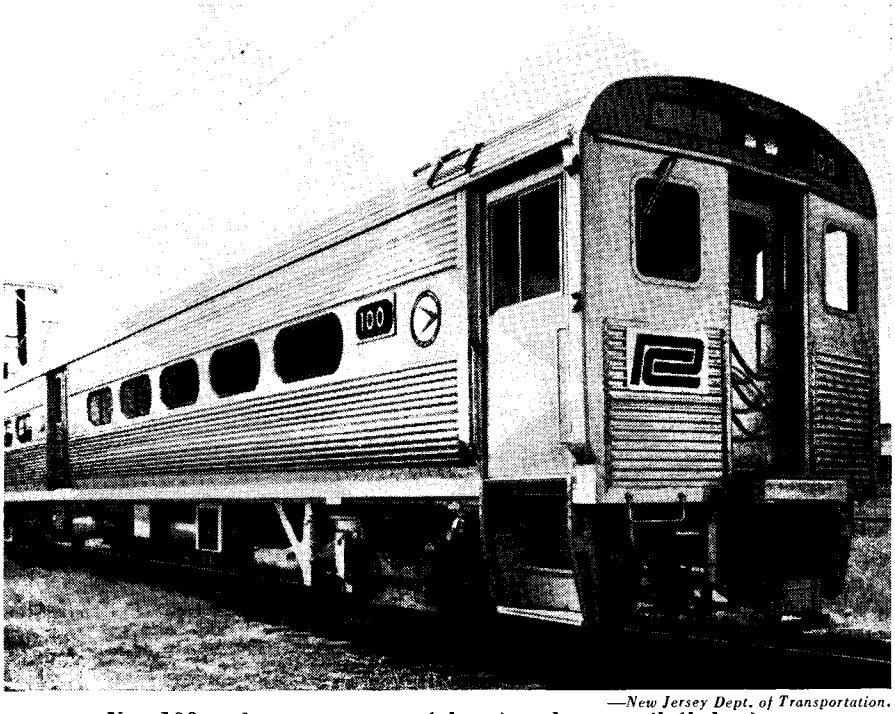
built plants in the ghetto. There was a tremendous amount of publicity and congratulation, but it turned out that the total number of openings thus created was 870. Westinghouse had a press conference to announce its new installations in the Pittsburgh slums which will hire seventy-five workers at routine, unsophisticated tasks; it did not trumpet in the same way when it decided to put a $65,000,000 plant in the outskirts of Charlotte that will employ more than 1,000 people to make turbines for atomic electric utilities.

I do not cite these cases to prove that business is racist, or even hardhearted, but only to demonstrate that it is profit-making and therefore limited in its philanthropies. As Robert C. Albrook put it in a recent issue of *Fortune*, "With unemployment rates of below 4 per cent recently, job creation on a big scale may have been rational and profitable for a big company. But if the rate moved back up toward 5 per cent, hiring the hard-core unemployed might mean turning away more experienced workers." Leaving aside the fact that the "job creation on a big scale" of the private sector in recent times has been pathetically small, it is well to remember that the industrialists of the Business Council want an active policy which will push unemployment over the line which Albrook defines. And that is because they are interested in return on investment more than social work.

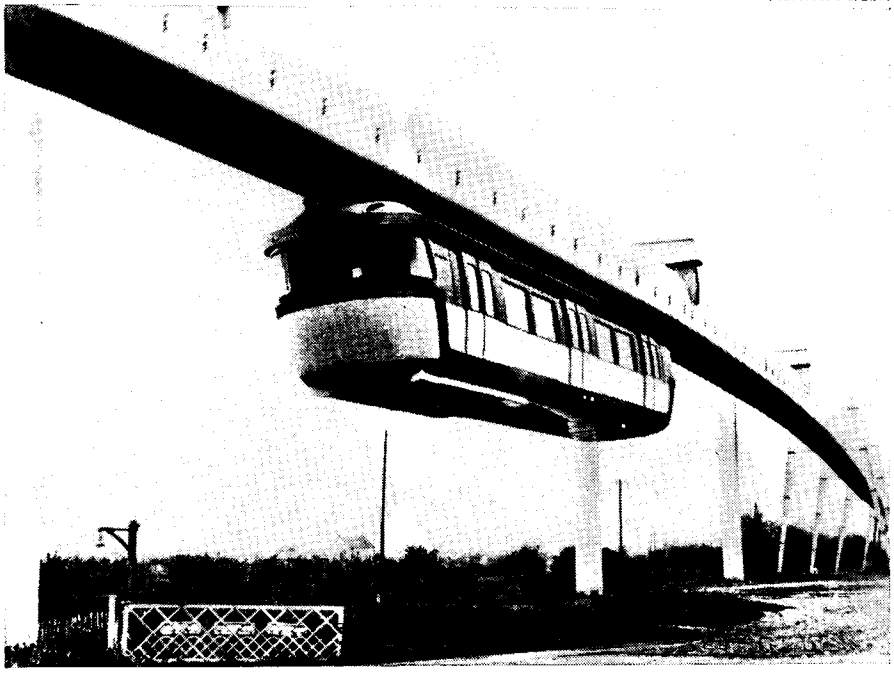
So the economics of free enterprise make it unlikely that the entrepreneurs —even with tax incentives and subsidies —are really going to involve themselves in the high risk problems of the poor. In areas such as job generation, low income housing, quality public education, and the like, there will have to be a new and more intense governmental presence. But it is abundantly clear that if this is done on the basis of present institutions and values, the results will be disastrous. "Is there any reason," Lewis Mumford has asked, "to suppose that a massive new attempt by the federal government to wipe out the existing slums . . . will succeed any better than our earlier efforts unless we change both our methods and objectives?"



—*New Jersey Dept. of Transportation.*

New 100 mph commuter car (above) and monorail (below)— "There must be integrated new towns built from the ground up with . . . mass transportation to the old metropolises. There must therefore be a federal transportation policy. . . ."

—*Pictorial Parade.*



GIVEN the limitations of space, and the fact that we run a tremendous deficit of the democratic imagination in this area, I can only briefly begin the sketch of a sketch of what this means. There must be integrated new towns built from the ground up with new jobs, schools, and with mass transportation to the old metropolises. There must therefore be a federal transportation policy which will consider alternatives to the Los Angelesization of the entire country; and a land policy which will remove vast areas of that limited resource from the speculative market and bank it for public purpose; and a migration policy which will frame an agricultural support program, so that it does not simultaneously, and incidentally, displace hundreds of thousands of under-educated poor people and drive them into cities, totally unprepared for the life and economy which they will find there. There are, of course, many other inter-relationships which will have to be incorporated into a systematic attempt to transform social evils which themselves form a compact, tax-supported system. I cite examples rather than list an inventory.

If President-elect Nixon is interested in facing the challenges and problems he inherits, he will make the creation of comprehensive, democratic planning institutions a central goal of his Administration. That—as I documented at some length in *Toward a Democratic Left* —will take radical change and the building of new national, regional, metropolitan, and neighborhood structures of popular participation.

If the new Administration's solutions are not as complexly interconnected and planned as the outrages which they are supposed to confront, they will not work. There will be a democratic overview of the social agenda—or else.

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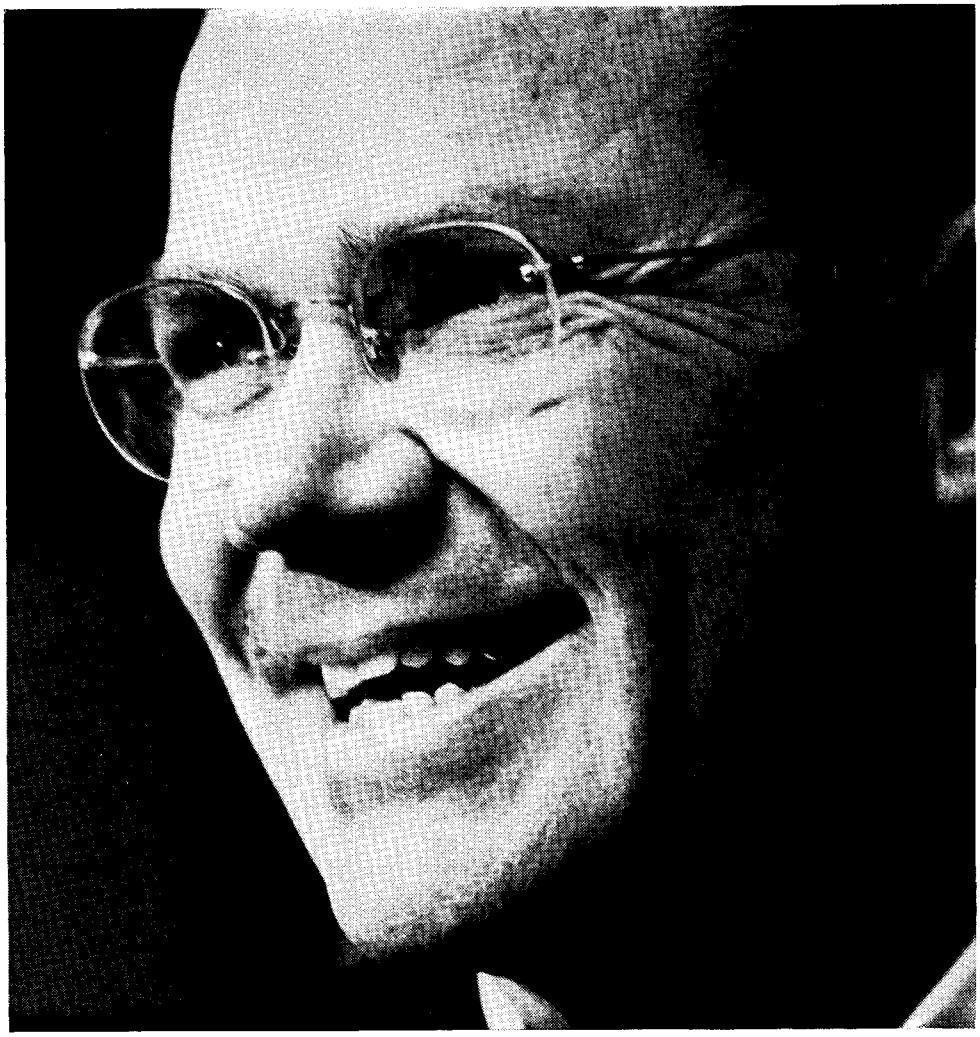
RESOURCES FOR THE DEVELOPING WORLD

An Interview with Robert S. McNamara



—*Pix.*

"We place a higher order of priority on the production . . . of automobiles than we do on correcting the very serious weaknesses in our educational system, or than we do on eliminating smog and controlling water pollution."

By HENRY BRANDON

ROBERT Strange McNamara's huge desk at the Pentagon used to be crowded with stacks of black-bound folders. They contained the overflow of detailed facts unessential for his brain to retain. At the World Bank or, as it is called officially, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, his desk is almost as big and the black folders are also there—but only a few. There used to be tension and electricity in the air in his old office, and that clock on the wall opposite his desk bore down with a haunting look at the master and, even more so, at the visitor. A news flash from Vietnam, or a report about a newly tested weapon, or a telephone call from a Senator often interrupted an interview. And sometimes, when the President telephoned, you were politely asked to leave the office until the call was completed. The world and Mr. McNamara's responsibilities for it were constantly pressing in on him.

In his new office at the World Bank, the tension and electricity have gone. From here the world seems peaceful and serene, though still full of problems. The World Bank is an important institution, but there is a difference between having to administer a $76 billion budget and a $800 million one. There was a thrill and a sense of a profound responsibility in being so close to the levers of power at the Pentagon; now there is a great satisfaction in thinking about how to relieve some of the aches and pains of the world, rather than how not to destroy it.

The technocrat and humanist in Mr. McNamara have been vying with each other for a long time, and gradually the two found it increasingly more difficult to live harmoniously inside the same cranium. Now the humanist and developer have the satisfaction of being in the driver's seat. Mr. McNamara in his first ninety days has doubled the lending capacity of the World Bank, and as money is the life blood of the Bank, it has lifted the spirit of the staff and raised their expectations. The military architect has become the developer with a new sense of adventure.

Q: *Do you think the Western world has the resources with which to develop the enormous developing world?*

MR. MCNAMARA: There is absolutely no question about it in my mind. Whether the application of the resources of the developed world will lead to as rapid a rate of development as the people of the developing world hope for is another issue, and I'd like to separate these two points. One has to bear in mind that it may not be resources alone that stand in the way of achieving a satisfactory rate of economic advance in the developing world; it may well be that adaptation of political institutions, social reforms, and other actions within the developing na-

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tions themselves form a limiting factor. But as far as resources are concerned, the rich nations could easily contribute far more than they have to the poor nations.

We in the United States can do far more to cure our own national problems, which are very serious indeed; and just as we can do far more to correct those conditions, so we can do far more to contribute to the economic development of the developing nations. It's simply a question of getting a proper order of priorities. At the present time we place too high a priority on producing 9,500,000 automobiles—a substantial number of which simply increases our traffic problems. We place a higher priority on the production of these 9,500,000 automobiles than we do on taking measures to make our cities more attractive places to live in for all their citizens, than we do on correcting the very serious weaknesses in our educational system, or than we do on eliminating smog and controlling water pollution.

If that be our desire, then let's make it as a conscious choice, but let's not say that we can't afford these other things. We simply prefer to use our resources in a different way. Exactly the same can be said of aid from a rich nation to the poor nations. If we would prefer (again taking automobiles as an example, and I use them as only one of a hundred examples one could take) to spend our resources on building automobiles we don't need, rather than on helping the Indonesian people to progress from the margin of subsistence to a level of caloric intake that will at least give them a chance of optimum intellectual development, or doing the same thing for India, then, that's a conscious decision, but let's not say we can't afford to transfer our resources to Indonesia and the Indians. We prefer to have cars we don't need than to give human beings an opportunity to reach an optimum level of physical and intellectual development.

Another measure of the same point is that the rich nations have expanded their annual income within the last eight years by an amount that exceeds the total annual income of all the developing nations. That statistic shows the tremendous gap that exists and the degree to which we are capable of helping to close it if we choose to do so. We may not choose to do so.

Q: *But how can you, in the free enterprise society, impose such priorities?*

MR. MCNAMARA: I don't think one can. I think one can simply expose the problem to the people and then, in a democracy, accept the judgment of the people. So far, I don't think the problem has been exposed to them properly. People are worried by higher taxes—and of course that's what's involved here. But people mistakenly believe that an increase in taxes moves us toward bankruptcy. It doesn't have anything whatsoever to do with bankruptcy. Taxation is a transfer device which governments use when they want to make a shift in priorities. We ought to have an intelligent discussion of what people in this country want to do with our national wealth. Do we want to spend it on adding to our luxury goods—many of which we don't need—or on education for the poor, or elimination of pollution in our waters, or on aid to the developing nations of the world? In the long run, these kinds of expenditures will add far more to our personal happiness and self-fulfillment than will expenditures on luxury goods. But this is an issue for the people to face. All I ask is that they face it directly.

Q: *How can any President really demand that without losing his popularity overnight?*

MR. MCNAMARA: Oh, he can't demand it, but what he can do is say to the people, "It's your choice."

Q: *Do you think it would be possible to impose, say, a tax on all industrial nations?*

MR. MCNAMARA: No. In the first place, I wouldn't be in favor of trying to impose any such tax. I think in the long run it might be desirable to have the rich nations' contributions to development measured in terms of a percentage of national income.

Q: *Isn't there a growing disillusionment with foreign aid in almost all industrial nations?*

MR. MCNAMARA: There is a certain disillusionment with development today, especially in the richer countries, but it's a disillusionment based on unreasonable expectations.

In any case, it's precisely at a time of temporary disillusionment in other quarters that we in the Bank must make a firm commitment to continuing and expanding the development effort. I'm absolutely clear on this; the feelings of disillusionment among the developed countries—and the frustration among the developing countries—must and will be halted. The rich countries feel that their balance-of-payments difficulties make it necessary for them to cut down on the assistance they give to the developing world—forgetting that balance-of-payments problems relate almost exclusively to transfers within the developed world, and that the money spent on development returns very quickly to the advanced economies in the form of payment for goods and services purchased

"Is your mouth open?"

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by developing nations. The poor countries, on the other hand, feel that they have been left behind in the surge of economic growth which has occurred during the last decade—and to some extent they are right. But they forget the real advances which have been achieved, and the time it takes to improve on them. I think today's discontents—especially those of the developed world—are misconceived and temporary, and it's our job to counter them.

Q: *Are you sure this is a temporary phase? I think this is the long-term trend. The young of today are far more isolationist than the young of ten or twenty years ago.*

MR. MCNAMARA: I think even an isolationist is in favor of economic aid to the disadvantaged. Surely that's true of today's youth. They're certainly more idealistic than the young of ten or fifteen years ago. Where they're isolationist is in extending military commitments abroad; development investment, especially if it's multilateral, doesn't involve any military or foreign policy commitments. I haven't noticed any feeling on the part of the young that we shouldn't extend economic aid to the poor nations of the world. It's their parents who say that. But even there, I think that after the Vietnam war is over, there will be less excuse for some of the parents to take that position.

Q: *I have a feeling that governments these days have come to think that even though they are giving less foreign aid now, nothing really catastrophic has happened.*

MR. MCNAMARA: The effects of not giving aid may not be immediately apparent, but sooner or later I think they will show up through the growth of progressively more serious instabilities in the developing world, with a ripple effect spreading to the developed nations.

Q: *What sort of instability are you thinking of?*

MR. MCNAMARA: I'm thinking of a revolution of rising expectations. The political institutions of the developing countries are bound to become less stable if their growth, particularly their economic growth, is less than the expectations of their people and if it's small in relation to the growth of the rich nations of the world.

Q: *Do you see any possibility of building bridges between East and West through loans?*

MR. MCNAMARA: We're quite willing to receive approaches by any Eastern European or other Communist bloc members not now members of the Bank. One socialist country, Yugoslavia, is now a member of the Bank. In total, the loans the Bank has made to Yugoslavia exceed $330 million. This represents a very large contribution by the Bank—very large in relation to its contribution to the growth of Yugoslavia's economy. I mention this only to indicate that the Bank is a nonpolitical institution. We're not concerned with whether an enterprise is government-owned or private-owned; what we are concerned with is efficiency of management and efficiency in the use of capital. As for Yugoslavia's membership in the Bank, it's been, I think, a very happy relationship for both parties.

"Do you know what we do with industrial spies? We throw them into our steno pool . . . alive . . ."

Q: *You once wrote that man is a rational animal but with an infinite capacity for folly, and that he draws blueprints for utopia but never quite gets it built. You seem to be a rare combination of the rationalist and the idealist. The idealist, I think, had a difficult time at the Pentagon. How is the realist faring at the World Bank?*

MR. MCNAMARA: I think our program is a realistic one, in the sense that it's one we can accomplish; it's also one which is consistent with the objectives of an idealist.

Q: *You've had three careers: the industrialist, the military manager, and the banker. What has each contributed to your cumulative experience?*

MR. MCNAMARA: First let me say that I've had five careers. I was a member of the Harvard faculty when I was twenty-three years old and I was also an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps, so there are five careers. I think the common element in all of them has been the association with organizations—whether they be large-scale educational institutions or military organizations, private industrial enterprises or international bodies—which have as their purpose the movement of people toward a goal. The problems of moving people forward to a goal are common to these institutions.

Q: *Why have you never tried to become a politician?*

MR. MCNAMARA: The word politician means, according to the dictionary, "one actively engaged in conducting the business of a government." Well, I was actively engaged in conducting the business of 50 per cent of the U.S. Government, because the Defense Department, with some 4,500,000 employees and 10 per cent of the Gross National Product, was obviously in the business of government. I think what people frequently do is to consider the word politician synonymous with an elected official.

I have immense admiration for those who do. I think in a sense it's the highest form of political activity, because it's the means of translating the diverse interests of our people into some movement toward a common goal. It's a very, very intricate process and requires skills of the highest type. I think if I had my life to live over again, I might well want to pursue that course.

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Farewell to the Electoral College

FRAMERS of the Constitution envisioned the Electoral College as a sort of elite gathering in which persons of the highest caliber would participate. These electors, the Constitutional Convention believed, would meet soon after the November vote to discuss and evaluate the merits of various candidates for President. Each elector would vote for two persons for President, and the man with the highest number of electoral votes would become President and the runner-up Vice President. In casting their ballots, the electors were expected to reflect the views of the people as expressed in the quadrennial vote, but they would not be bound by that vote. In other words, the office of President was too precious, too elevated, to be left to the whim of the common man, though he could express his preferences.

The design of the framers of the Constitution was never really carried out. No one needed to deliberate over the choice for President when George Washington was the candidate, and by 1800, the nation had an incipient political party system which had not been foreseen or even contemplated. With political parties came the end of the idea of an independent elector chosen among the elite. The pledged elector, instructed to vote for a certain party candidate, reflected a publicly announced slate of names bound to vote a certain way in the Electoral College. The independent role of the several states grew with each election, and any idea of a President elected by a democratic majority of the total vote of the American people gradually faded into the complex and unworkable Electoral College system we are now saddled with—unworkable and explosively dangerous.

LAST month, the *Fordham Law Review* published a thoroughgoing study of the Electoral College—and why it should be abolished—a study so sharply expressed and logically presented that it bears quotation here. The critique points out that while the United States has been lucky in the caliber of its Presidents and fortunate to have avoided a Constitutional crisis because of the dangers and defects of the Electoral College, experience dictates immediate attention to the matter before it spells chaos and disaster. There is little doubt in any rational mind by now, especially after November 5, that the Electoral College poses a serious threat to the stability of our Presidential system.

To win the Presidency a man needs only a majority of electoral, not popular, votes. Such a majority is quite possible without a plurality of the total popular vote. Indeed, on fifteen occasions we have elected a President who did not have a plurality. In three Presidential elections we denied the White House to a man who had actually drawn more than half the popular vote. In 1876, Governor Samuel J. Tilden of New York, for example, polled 250,000 more votes than Rutherford B. Hayes or 51 per cent of a total vote of just over 8,000,000, but the Republican became President through the idiotic mathematics of the Electoral College system coupled with post-Civil War political chicanery. In 1824, Andrew Jackson polled 155,000 votes to 105,000 for John Quincy Adams, but when Jackson did not have the required majority in the Electoral College, the election went to the House of Representatives, and after corrupt bargaining Adams was picked for President over a candidate who had polled half again as many popular votes.

As the Fordham survey says, it is in fact possible for a candidate to win a majority of the electoral votes with considerably less than one-fourth of the total popular vote. "If a candidate were to win a plurality of the popular votes in eleven large states plus one other state," it adds, "he would have a majority of the electoral votes even if he received no popular votes in the remaining thirty-eight states. This is an extreme example but it serves to underscore the anomaly."

The matter of disproportion spills over into the states, moreover, due to the fact that each state is entitled to at least three electoral votes. That means there is one electoral vote for every 75,000 voters in Alaska, one for every 260,000 votes in Arizona, one for every 330,000 votes in Virginia, and one for every 400,000 in California. But the advantage of living in a tiny state doesn't last long when one realizes that a voter in Alaska, Nevada, Delaware, Vermont, or Wyoming can influence only three electoral votes while a single voter in New York can influence the distribution of forty-three electoral votes. Nothing, indeed, makes much sense about the Electoral College any way you look at it, but worst of all, it is not truly democratic.

Resentment, unrest, public clamor for reform of the Electoral College would surely have followed the crisis we barely avoided after November 5. As television shrinks the country and draws each state nearer every other state in common problems, reactions, and solutions, something as antique as the Electoral College is simply a form of political Russian roulette, dangerous and potentially disastrous to our nation. On the other hand, if we are to go to a straight popular vote for President and Vice President we shall need federal safeguards to watch local balloting more closely. There are those who will never be convinced that Mayor Daley's Chicago vote which gave Kennedy the election over Nixon in 1960 by just over 8,000 votes was a legitimate count, and something along these lines seemed in prospect in Illinois for a while even this November. But with careful federal surveillance there is no logical reason why the Presidential election of 1972 should not be left to the total popular vote of the American people. We should not have to depend upon tricky and antiquated procedures in electing a man to the most powerful office in the world. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Editor

State of the Blackfoot

In his article, "The American Indian: A Portrait in Limbo" [*SR*, Oct. 12], Peter Farb states: "In Idaho's Blackfoot school district, for example, three-fourths of the students in the elementary school are Indian, yet every teacher is white." The Blackfoot school district had an enrollment of 3,649 students in 1967-68; of this number, 543 were Indian students. Does this sound as though three-fourths of the enrollment is Indian?

You would be interested to know that of 543 students, seventeen dropped out of school. The Pocatello school district also serves the Fort Hall Reservation and they have 315 Indian students and five dropped out of school. American Falls school district has seventy Indian students from the same reservation, they had one drop out.

Mr. Farb also states that the Indian language is forbidden in the schools and that there are no Indian teachers. He should be informed that both Blackfoot and Pocatello school districts use Indian teacher-aides. It is almost impossible to locate a qualified Indian teacher, but each year both school districts search for them. Many students who can speak the Shoshone language teach the non-Indians in the classroom many Indian words and signs, and an effort is constantly made to make Indian students proud of being Indian.

The author further states that when the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy visited the Blackfoot school district, "he asked the principal whether Indian culture and traditions are taught." He was informed, " 'There isn't any history to this tribe,' although the grandfathers of these children had played an important role in the history of the West." This statement is not true. Senator Kennedy was informed that there is not a *written* history of this tribe and therefore is difficult to teach.

We wonder what Mr. Farb means by the phrase "in the last few years nearly fifteen suicides by school children." Is five near fifteen or is eight near fifteen? Farb also says: "One out of every five junior-high school students was found to be sniffing glue." We assume he has this knowledge because of some research he has done, or is quoting figures from someone who has researched the problem. Certainly we know this to be a problem, not only with the Indian but with the non-Indian. We expect to read the source of his information. To our knowledge, no study has been conducted in Idaho that would substantiate his assumption.

Max Snow,
Director, Indian
Education and Public
Law 874-815,
Boise, Ida.

Editor's note: *Peter Farb replies: "Mr. Snow gives figures for the entire Blackfoot district, when it is clear that I am not writing about the district as a whole, but about the Indian students at the Fort Hall Elementary School. My material about the school's lack of Indian material in the curriculum, the number of suicides, and the prevalence of glue-sniffing all are derived from material given by the Blackfoot school superintendent himself and published in "Education News." The quotation of the principal who said, 'There isn't any history to this tribe,' comes from Senator Kennedy's statement about the incident at the Senate hearings in San Francisco."*

Artist and Critic

A number of Andrew Wyeth's critics, Katharine Kuh among them ["Why Wyeth?" *SR*, Oct. 26], have blinded themselves to essential qualities of the artist's work through their insistence that he fit some modern mold. Their impatience with ambiguity leads them to seek explanations instead of the comprehension or empathy that might broaden their view.

They can see that his work has certain things in common with photographs, so they affirm, deny, praise, condemn the "photographic verisimilitude" of his work. They label his paintings as pretty, sentimental, romantic, or as macabre, haunted with somber forces and spiritual malaise. One critic complains that Wyeth rarely transforms the specific into the general; another writes derisively of his "ennobling generalizations." They seem to know only that they must find something "bad" in his work without having any clear idea of what it is they want to condemn.

Especially disheartening is Mrs. Kuh's participation in a style of criticism that seems to be applied more to Wyeth than to any other artist—the appraisal of the artist through appraisal of his audience. Mrs. Kuh attributes all kinds of common characteristics to Wyeth's audience on the sole basis of their appreciation of his paintings. For those who respond favorably, intellectual laziness and a desire to escape the demands of life are assumed. What distinguishes this manner of generalizing from that which we usually associate with bigotry?

If Wyeth's detractors really want to know why Wyeth, let them look at his work and think about his work as art, rather than as a vehicle to be used for social criticism.

Rebecca S. Leggett,
Boalsburg, Pa.

Unlike Homer, to whom Mrs. Kuh compares him unfavorably, Andrew Wyeth is not painting the rural life at the full flush of its development. The motive and mood seem different. The flamboyance is gone. Wyeth paints the barn alone, but we see by implication, in his terseness, that it now stands in the backyard behind a prefab ranch house or not far from the gas station. He shows us that release is a sort of involvement, taking us from the present to show us what it is. This perspective itself is of more value than Mrs. Kuh admits.

Paul O. Williams,
Elsah, Ill.

Katharine Kuh says something few critics have dared to say. Andrew Wyeth, for all his sincerity and talent, lacks the resources necessary to produce great art: the power to think new thoughts and dream new dreams.

N. R. Trenner, Jr.,
Princeton, N.J.

Katharine Kuh writes: ". . . all Wyeth's work is competent, but nonetheless sentimental and episodic. He offers us first-rate illustrations of 'the good life,' but these vignettes never rise above illustrations."

What the hell is she talking about? Far from being "kindly little sermons at the village church," Wyeth's paintings are deep, mysterious, apocalyptic, even a little scary.

(*Continued on page* 82)

"Miss Prentice, will you please try those intercom repair people again?"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Unhappy Return

IT IS HARD to get angry at the new production of *King Lear* by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. For it brings back to the stage, after a fifteen-year sojourn in films, one of our most powerful actors, Lee J. Cobb, who created the role of Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*. Furthermore, Mr. Cobb appears to have approached this most challenging role with the utmost humility.

Nevertheless, humility, which is an excellent thing in men, doesn't always help actors, and Cobb's Lear emerges as no more than an amiable amble through the misfortunes of old age in which the actor's talent seems mostly unused. We are first surprised by his appearance as a little old man rather than a giant patriarch. And when he speaks it is a phrase-by-phrase examination of Lear's statements rather than the balanced and counterbalanced flow of Shakespeare's verse. He is sad in the right places, but the emotional intensity seems no deeper than what you might expect from a modern father who is being treated a little shabbily by his grown-up daughters. When he is confronted by their ingratitude, he argues the injustice of it, and his curses become footnotes to that argument. Equally tepid is Lear's madness, which as represented here would hardly get him admitted to Bellevue. Near the end Cobb does effectively evoke a bit of pathos when he looks at the dead Cordelia and laments, "And my poor fool is hang'd!," but on the whole it is a most muted and disappointing performance.

Director Gerald Freedman's production is visually attractive and economical. Using the Vivian Beaumont stage without the thrust, Ming Cho Lee has designed a simple platform flanked by scaffolding and backings with an interesting old parchment texture. Theoni V. Aldredge has created handsome but never ornate costumes, including leather jackets for women which startle by their resemblance to mod fashions but which could have been worn in medieval Britain. John Gleason has lit all this with white light from severe overhead angles, which is sometimes striking, but generally makes the actors look as if they had no eyes, which, except for Gloucester in the later scenes, is a considerable disadvantage.

Most memorable in the supporting cast are Philip Bosco's strong-minded Kent, Rene Auberjonois's sorrowful Fool, and Stacy Keach's casually opportunistic Edmund. Robert Stattel's Edgar is often unintelligible, and as Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia respectively, Marilyn Lightstone, Patricia Elliott, and Barbette Tweed are, each in her own way, undistinguished.

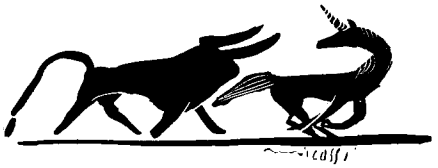
One suspects, however, that any individual shortcomings are less to blame for the failure of this *King Lear* than was the decision to go ahead with it before determining if Cobb was in condition to tackle such a large acting assignment after so long an absence from the stage. A few tune-up bouts with less challenging parts would have been a more sensible way to proceed—both for the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center and for Cobb, whose experience in this production is not likely to re-enchant him with the stage.

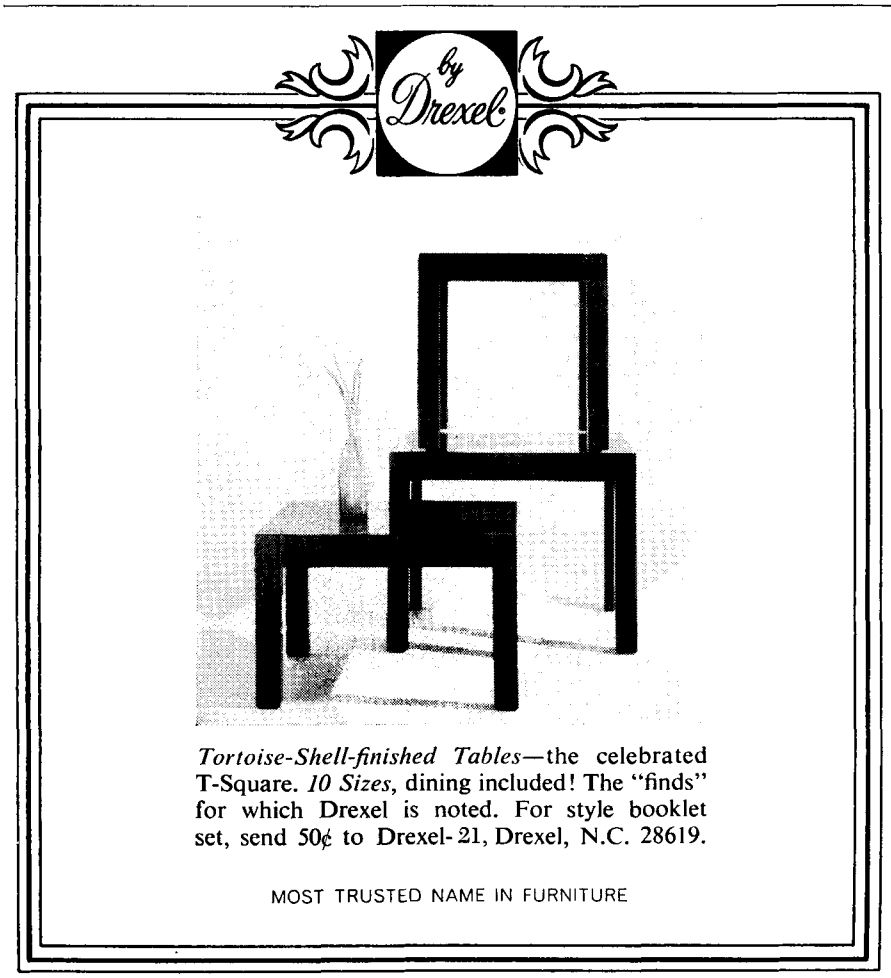
GAMBIER, O.

A NEW PLAY by short story writer Peter Taylor, titled *A Stand in the Mountains*, was unveiled here by the Kenyon College Dramatic Club, under the capable direction of Professor James E. Michael. It attempts to tell a rather large story about the ultimate failure of a Louisville high society family's lifelong attempt to intermingle with the primitive life of a Tennessee mountain resort, and of the deterioration of what this backwoods community stands for under the impact of an impersonal modern economy.

While the story is a good one and the characters ring true, the playwright appears to have tried to include too much in one play. For instance, the tragedy of a city-bred man who kills the mountain wife he no longer loves, and then shoots himself and his two sons is too big an event to place alongside the comparatively trivial obsession of a matron to adopt young girls and give them coming-out parties in Louisville.

It is true that another short story writer, Anton Chekhov, was able to combine a multiplicity of trivial and tragic events within one play, and it is conceivable that Mr. Taylor could do so with his material. But as it stands, *A Stand in the Mountains* is still searching for a form in which all its different accidents will interrelate in one symphony.





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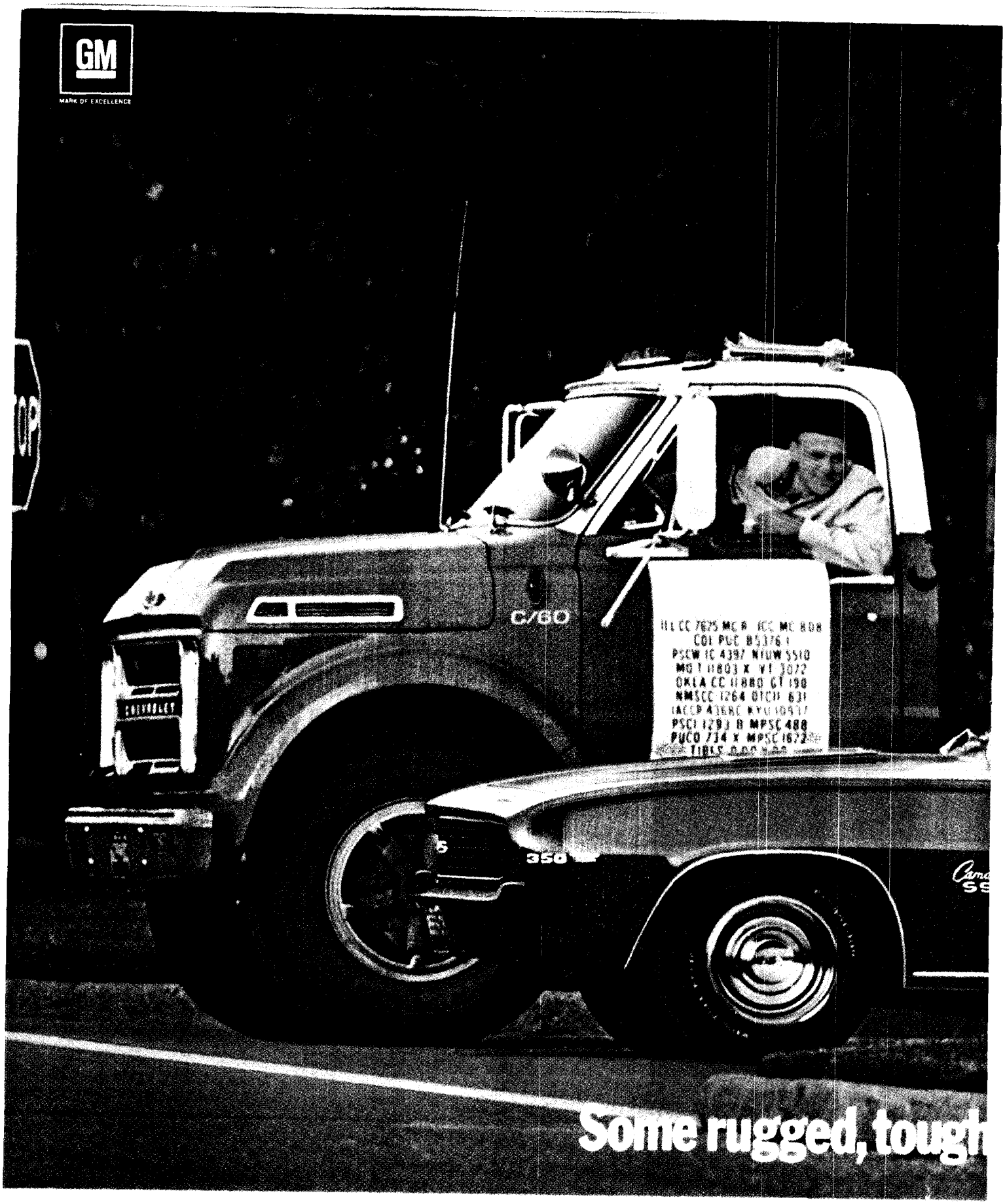

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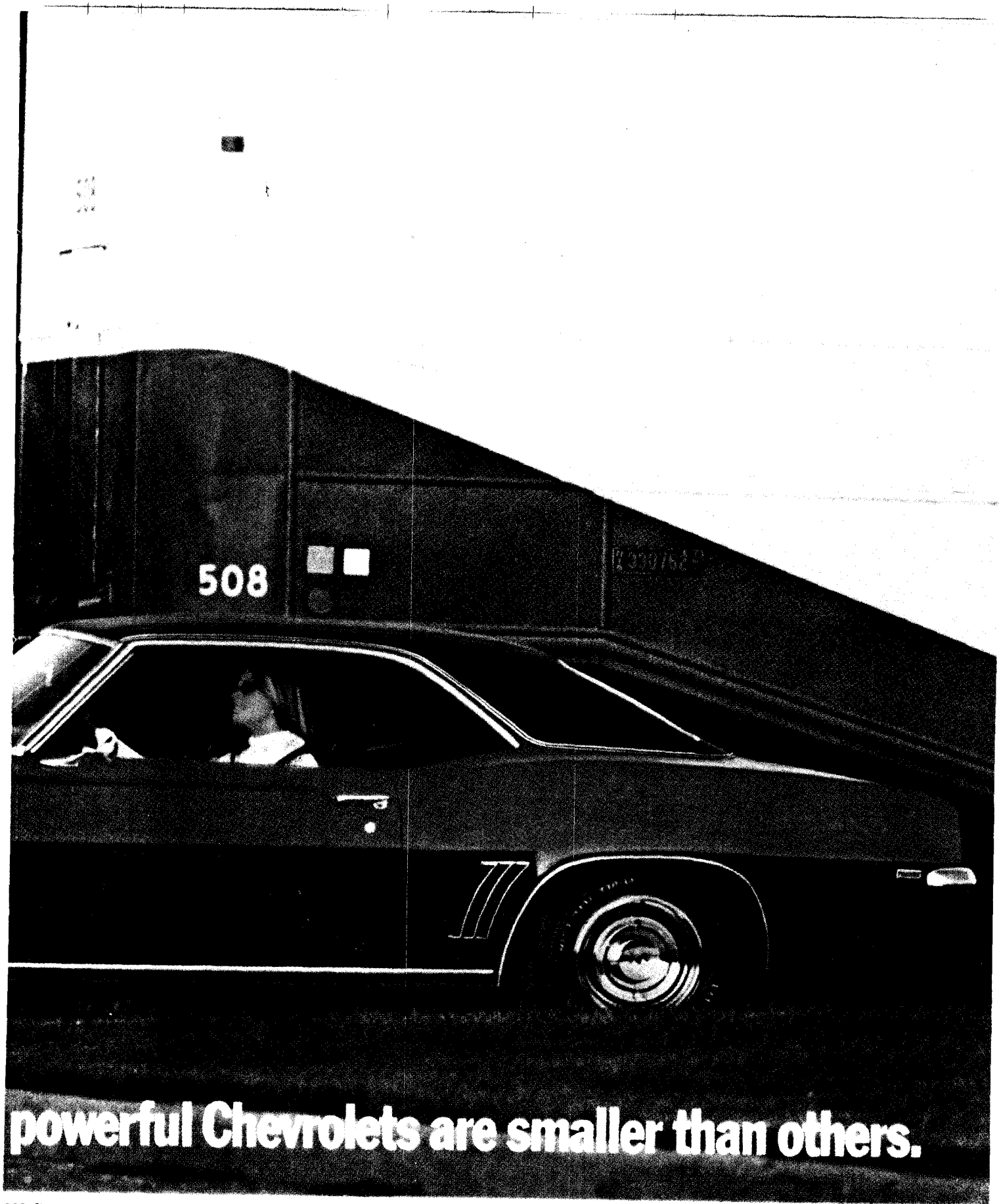

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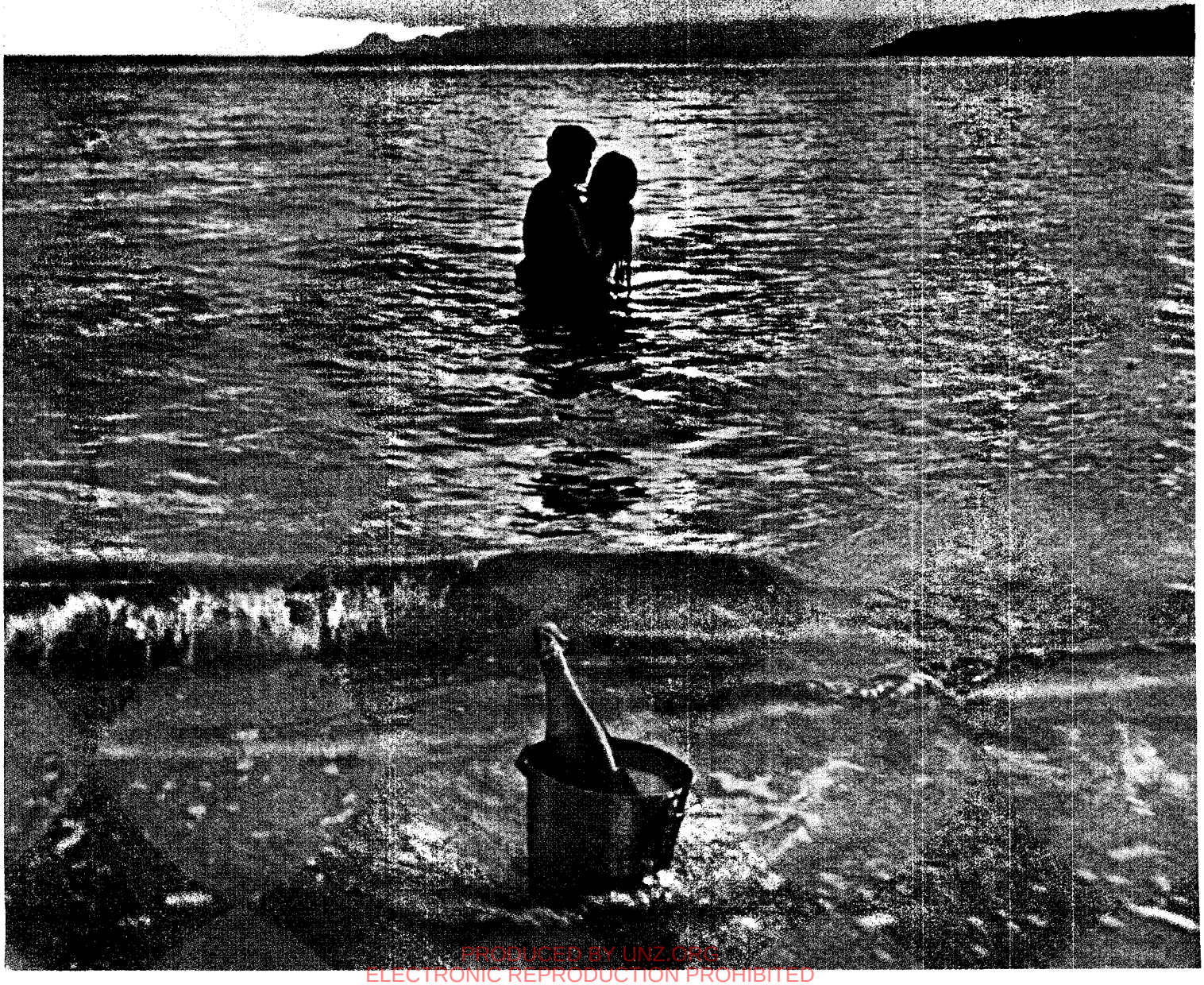
Guadeloupe



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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Hail Joanna

EVERY NOW and then a movie comes along that gives one the feeling that things are going to change. They don't really, or at least very slowly and haltingly, for habits of mind and operation in so expensive a medium as that of feature film are relatively fixed, and the tendency is to do it the old way. But then *The Graduate* suddenly breaks through, or *Bonnie and Clyde,* and a few more people get the chance to do it their own way. This year it may well be *Joanna,* which Twentieth Century-Fox is releasing, that will signal another change of direction. In technique it is fresh; its spirit is contemporary; its attitudes are youthfully free of cant or moralizing.

The movie was made in London, and it tells a relatively simple story. It's all about a pretty, leggy, teen-age girl called Joanna who comes to London to study art and who, let us say, is inclined to diversify her affections. It would be wrong to call her promiscuous because the word has a moralistic ring. There's nothing bad or wrong about Joanna. She enjoys sleeping with whoever happens to strike her fancy at the right moment. Her view of reality is slightly askew, mainly because she's almost childishly caught up in a fantasy of who she is.

Michael Sarne, a twenty-eight-year-old former pop singer and composer, photographer, journalist, book and film critic, wrote the story and directed it; Michael Laughlin, a twenty-eight-year-old American from Illinois produced it; and, very importantly, Walter Lassally, the brilliant young cameraman of *Tom Jones,* photographed it. They all somehow provide the conviction that they knew exactly what they were doing and how to do it. It's as though they said to each other: "Let's make a story about a crazy, cheeky, beautiful girl, the kind who comes to London and wanders into someone's bed, who shows up at parties in Chelsea, who seems built by nature to wear mini-skirts, who doesn't understand a thing, and yet is somehow lovable. And let's tell about the people she runs into, and what happens to them and to her because of them."

That's about all the movie does for its two-hour length, but it does it so winningly, with such tender, tolerant understanding of the girl, that it is a joy to watch. For a while, one is not even much aware of the fact that a story is being told. We meet Joanna casually; catch glimpses of her here and there; suddenly are catapulted into one of her girlish fantasies; see her yawning, running, talking to someone at a party; learning about life from a serious young artist; being rejected by a boy who is as diversified in his affections as she is inclined to be; visiting a girl friend about to have an abortion. In Joanna's little world, both black and white are equally beautiful. Her best girl friend is a beautiful black girl, whose brother, handsome and arrogant, Joanna falls most in love with. The black girl has a boyfriend, Lord Peter Sanderson, a young man dying of leukemia, who doesn't want his friends to know about it, or grieve over him when he goes. What helps make the movie so pleasing (rather than pleasant) is that it doesn't make a "thing" out of its racial mixing.

The film is helped immeasurably by Genevieve Waite, who plays Joanna as though playing herself. Maybe Miss Waite *is* Joanna, for I can't separate her from the role, and I don't ever want to meet her, because it might spoil the spell she has cast over me. Miss Waite makes you understand why all those intelligent, talented young people wanted to tell Joanna's story. And she is wonderfully abetted by those who play the people who flow in and out of her life, such as Donald Sutherland as Lord Peter. Because we are made to see everyone through Joanna's hazy view, Lord Peter is a modern-day saint, even though he is rich, idle, and hedonistic. He just wants people to enjoy life while they have it, and he contributes what he can to that enjoyment. Then there is Calvin Lockhart, as the black nightclub owner, with a streak of innate violence, who has his pick of girls but likes best the complaisant Joanna; and Christian Doermer, who won't let his birds interfere with his pursuit of art. In a fantasy ending, these and others (and here, I think, Mr. Sarne was perhaps influenced by the ending of Fellini's 8½) perform a show business salute to the happy-sad-go-lucky spirit of Joanna. A little too cheeky, maybe.

But providing the ambience, the beauty, the nostalgia, the charm, is that limpid photography of Mr. Lassally. And, for mood there is Rod McKuen's score, which has a "sound" and some simple, evocative songs. *Joanna* doesn't say anything "important," but it's right out of today, or perhaps what young people think is today. In its way it is brave and bold, and I hope it does well.

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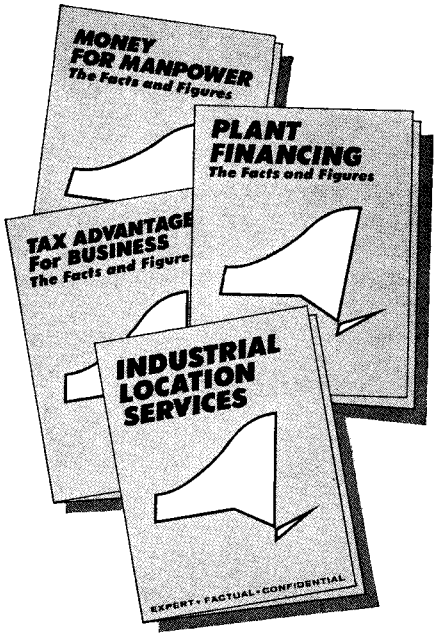

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MARSHALL D. SHULMAN

The Sakharov Manifesto

Synthesizing the humanistic views prevalent today among Russian scientists, a leading Soviet physicist opens the way to international dialogue.

IF YOU were away during July when *The New York Times* printed the brief essay by Andrei D. Sakharov, I commend it to your attention now that *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom* (Norton, 158 pp. $3.95) appears in book form. For here is one of the most fascinating documents of the year.

What makes this essay important and interesting is not the novelty of its ideas, but the fact that it is written by a leading Soviet scientist, expressing ideas widespread within the Soviet scientific community. Andrei D. Sakharov is a patriotic Russian, loyal to the Soviet government and to Soviet socialism, and his vigorous independence of thought reflects more credit on his country than ten cosmonauts, although I don't suppose the *apparatchiki* will see it that way. His essay is in the great tradition of the moral conscience and sense of social responsibility of the Russian intellectual, and it is a thrilling experience to come upon an expression of this tradition today, like a seedling breaking through the cement of a city pavement with its vital force.

Dr. Sakharov is a physicist, now forty-seven years old, who distinguished himself at an early age by theoretical contributions to the Soviet thermonuclear bomb and the development of controlled thermonuclear fusion, for which he was elected to full membership in the Soviet Academy of Sciences. He has received the Order of Lenin and the Stalin Prize; his credentials are solid. A few years ago Dr. Sakharov began to emerge in public from his world of highly classified military research as a thoughtful social critic, with articles on the Soviet educational system, genetics, the rehabilitation of Stalin, and the trials of dissident writers. For some time there has been circulating among Soviet scientists a typescript draft of a memorandum by Andrei Sakharov entitled "Thoughts on Progress, Peaceful Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom," which brought together a number of ideas common to enlightened Soviet scientists but not normally committed to paper. In June of this year he revised his memorandum on the basis of comments from his colleagues, and this is the version that appeared in an English translation by *The New York Times* on July 22, now published with an introduction, afterword and informative notes by Harrison E. Salisbury, assistant managing editor of the *Times*.

Sakharov advances two basic theses: that the division of mankind threatens it with destruction, and that intellectual freedom is essential to human society. He writes of the threat of thermonuclear war in terms that would be familiar to the readers of the *Saturday Review*, free of the turgid clichés which mark most Soviet writing on this subject. His

Marshall D. Shulman is professor of government and director of the Russian Institute at Columbia University. The author of *Beyond the Cold War* and *Stalin's Foreign Policy Reappraised*, he wrote the chapter "United States-Soviet Relations" in *Agenda for the Nation*, to be published by Brookings Institution later this month.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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discussion of the futility of antimissile systems is sophisticated and shows knowledge of the Western literature. What lifts the heart in these passages is his lofty sense of proportion in measuring the destructiveness of war against the forces which increase the divisions of mankind. (". . . any preaching of the incompatibility of world ideologies and nations is madness and a crime.")

Sakharov is even-handed in criticizing the United States on Vietnam and the Soviet Union for its encouragement of Arab nationalism in the Middle East. The general principles for international conduct which he enunciates would accept enforcement by the U.N. of political self-determination as among "the rights of man"; prohibit military and military-economic forms of export of revolution and counterrevolution; greatly enlarge mutual help in economic and administrative problems, and restrain exploitation of troubled areas for political gains. These principles would not be a betrayal of the revolutionary and national liberation struggle, says Sakharov, but, "with the elimination of all doubtful cases, it would be easier to take decisive action in those extreme cases of reaction, racism, and militarism" and leave the Soviet armed forces "with a precisely defined defensive mission, a mission of defending our country and our allies from aggression."

In addition to the threat of war, Sakharov writes feelingly of the danger to civilization from hunger and overpopulation, man's pollution of the sea and the air, and other despoliation of nature. He argues that these problems can only be dealt with effectively by overcoming divisions between the United States and the Soviet Union and by eliminating the pressure of transitory local interests. He also indicts, among the threats to civilization, "stupefaction from the narcotic of 'mass culture,' and bureaucratized dogmatism, a spreading of mass myths that put entire peoples and continents under the power of cruel and treacherous demagogues"—again an even-handed attack in both directions.

If Sakharov's charge of commercialized degradation of mass culture in the West is outspoken, he is no less mordant in castigating the threats to intellectual freedom in the Soviet Union. He attacks the authoritarianism that hobbles Soviet intellectuals and artists, the anti-intellectualism of the Philistines, the hidden privileges of the bureaucratic élite, and the persistence of neo-Stalinism in Soviet political life. On the latter score he surfaces the resentment of his scientific colleagues against the Party's Central Committee overseer for science affairs, Sergei P. Trapeznikov, whom he identifies as a narrow neo-Stalinist, and he warns the country's leadership that it cannot hope to strengthen the party's position among scientific and artistic intellectuals so long as such men are put in influential positions. (Salisbury observes in his notes that Trapeznikov may have been reassigned; in any case, it is clear that the party leadership needs to be somewhat responsive to the feelings of the scientists if it wishes to encourage their creative contribution.)

Sakharov also expresses the sharp concern of the scientific community over the intensification of the "crippling censorship of Soviet artistic and political literature," and scores the Daniel-Sinyavsky trial, the Ginzburg-Galanskov case, the jailing and other persecution of protestors. He voices support for the famous Solzhenitsyn appeal against censorship, and, in the name of "Leninist principles," attacks the current manifestations of neo-Stalinism as disgraceful and destructive violations of professed Soviet standards.

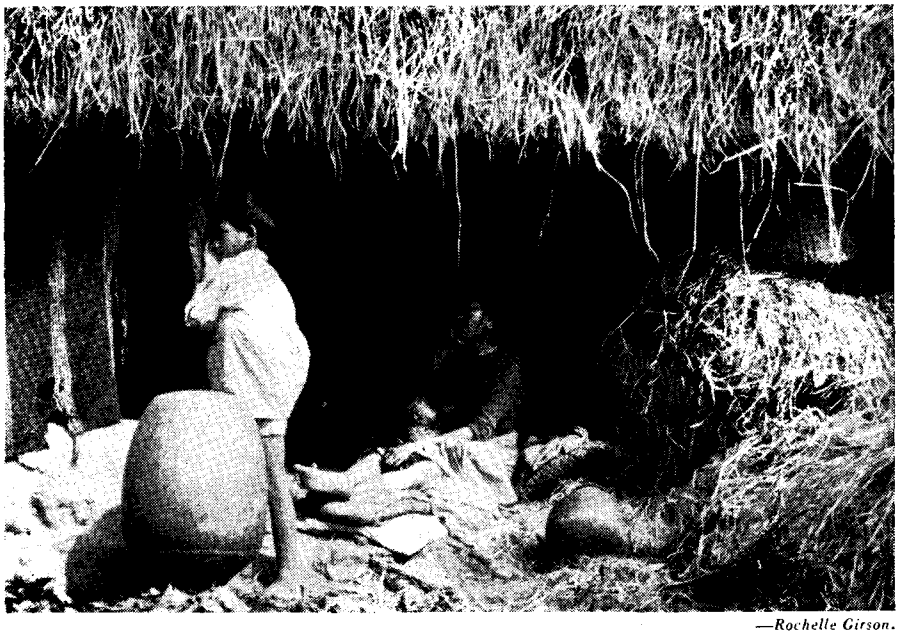
Writing before the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, Sakharov expresses the intense interest of many Soviet intellectuals in the Czech experiment with liberalized Communism, and the recognition of its relevance for the USSR. "Today the key to a progressive restructuring of the system of government in the interests of mankind lies in intellectual freedom. This has been understood, in particular, by the Czechoslovaks and there can be no doubt that we should support their bold initiative, which is so valuable for the future of socialism and all mankind."

After the analysis of dangers comes a section called "The Basis for Hope," part prescription and part prediction. Casting aside the dogmatic critique of capitalism, Sakharov acknowledges that it has shown itself capable of continuing economic progress, and that a revolution in capitalist countries would not benefit the workers. "Both capitalism and socialism are capable of long-term development, borrowing positive elements from each other, and actually coming closer to each other in a number of essential aspects." Sakharov speculates that the two systems will move toward convergence, based upon a spread of government and cooperative ownership in the capitalist system and upon democratic trends in Soviet socialism. The result will be a cooperative coexistence, which he sees as the only alternative to mutual annihilation.

This leads Sakharov into a tentative projection of a four-stage plan covering the period to the year 2000. In the first stage, the ideological victory of the "realists" in the Soviet Union will lead to support for the policy of peaceful coexistence, strengthening of democracy (including elements of a multiparty system) in the Soviet Union, and the expansion of economic reforms. This will be accompanied by a sharpening of the ideological struggle in the socialist countries against the Stalinist and Maoist forces.

In the second stage, the "leftist reformist wing of the bourgeoisie" will lead the way in the United States to a victory over racism and militarism, to changes in the structure of ownership, and toward a policy of collaboration and peaceful coexistence with socialism abroad. This phase is scheduled to begin in 1972 (presumably after the next Presidential elections?).

In the third stage, the Soviet Union and the United States will address themselves to the poverty problem, and devote 20 per cent of their national income to economic assistance to the underdeveloped nations. Scientific techniques



—Rochelle Girson.

Poverty in Nepal—"futile only to insist that the more backward countries restrict their birthrate."

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will be applied to this task, and this will be made more feasible by concurrent progress toward disarmament.

Finally, in the fourth stage, progress will be possible toward the creation of a world government and the widespread utilization of scientific advances in space, nuclear power, biology, etc., to benefit mankind. Here Sakharov returns to his central theme of warning against the danger of a thoughtless bureaucratic use of the scientific and technological revolution; it will require, he says, "the greatest possible scientific foresight and care and concern for human values of a moral, ethical and personal character."

This is the burden of Sakharov's essay, which he addresses to the leadership and citizens of his own country and to people of goodwill throughout the world, as a basis for discussion. He was well aware that the guardians of dogma would close in on him. "I can just hear the outcries about revisionism and blunting of the class approach to this issue," he wrote in anticipation; "I can just see the smirks about political naïveté and immaturity." Indeed, Sakharov had not long to wait. On August 11, *Izvestia* ran true to form with a standard hatchet-job by the orthodox economist Viktor A. Cheprakov, entitled "Problems of the Last Third of the Century." Without mentioning Sakharov by name (his essay has not been published in the Soviet Union), Cheprakov reaffirmed the standard position that socialism and capitalism, far from converging, were growing ever further apart, and that only socialism could solve the problems raised by science and technology.

Then comes the verbal smirk Sakharov had anticipated. "That is why," writes Cheprakov, "the liberal high priests of futurology who avoid social analysis and deny the need for a revolutionary transformation of the world are so ineffectual in their prognostications despite their boundless imagination and their disarming faith in the natural sciences."

This is standard fare for the Soviet press, and it is too bad that Salisbury did not include this piece along with the Sakharov essay so that American readers might better appreciate what a breath of fresh air Sakharov represents, compared to the stale regurgitations of the party's hired hands.

Not that Sakharov *is* a Western hero. He clearly has his own ideas, and reflects his own experience and formation. As he would expect, readers in the West will take issue with many specific points in his essay, but at least it is possible to have a fruitful and serious discussion with a man like this who thinks for himself, which unfortunately is not

(*Continued on page* 69)

International affairs must be completely permeated with scientific methodology and a democratic spirit, with a fearless weighing of all facts, views, and theories, with maximum publicity of ultimate and intermediate goals, and with a consistency of principles.

Specialists are paying attention to a growing threat of hunger in the poorer half of the world. . . . What is involved is a prognosticated deterioration of the average food balance in which localized food crises merge into a sea of hunger, intolerable suffering and desperation, the grief and fury of millions of people. This is a tragic threat to all mankind.

It is apparently futile only to insist that the more backward countries restrict their birthrates. What is needed most of all is economic and technical assistance to these countries. This assistance must be of such scale and generosity that it is absolutely impossible before the estrangement in the world and the egotistical, narrow-minded approach to relations between nations and races is eliminated. It is impossible as long as the United States and the Soviet Union, the world's two great superpowers, look upon each other as rivals and opponents.

A fifteen-year tax equal to 20 per cent of national incomes must be imposed on developed nations. The imposition of such a tax would automatically lead to a significant reduction in expenditures for weapons. Such common assistance would have an important effect—that of stabilizing and improving the situation in the most underdeveloped countries, restricting the influence of extremists of all types.

Mankind can develop smoothly only if it looks upon itself in a demographic sense as a unit, a single family without divisions into nations other than in matters of history and traditions.

The problem of geohygiene (earth hygiene) is highly complex and closely tied to economic and social problems. This problem can therefore not be solved on a national and especially not on a local basis. . . . Otherwise, the Soviet Union will poison the United States with its wastes and vice versa. At present, this is a hyperbole. But with a 10 per cent annual increase of wastes, the increase over 100 years will be multiplied 20,000 times.

The continuing economic progress being achieved under capitalism should be a fact of great theoretical significance for any nondogmatic Marxist. It is precisely this fact that lies at the basis of peaceful coexistence and it suggests, in principle, that if capitalism ever runs into an economic blind alley it will not necessarily have to leap into a desperate military adventure. Both capitalism and socialism are capable of long-term development, borrowing positive elements from each other, and actually coming closer to each other in a number of essential aspects.

Only the competition with socialism and the pressure of the working class made possible the social progress of the twentieth century and, all the more, will insure the now inevitable process of rapprochement of the two systems. It took socialism to raise the meaning of labor to the heights of a moral feat. Before the advent of socialism, national egotism gave rise to colonial oppression, nationalism, and racism. By now it has become clear that victory is on the side of the humanistic, international approach.

The capitalist world could not help giving birth to the socialist, but now the socialist world should not seek to destroy by force the ground from which it grew. Under the present conditions this would be tantamount to suicide of mankind. Socialism should ennoble that ground by its example and other indirect forms of pressure and then merge with it.

—From *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom*, by Andrei D. Sakharov.

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The Issues as Viewed by McGovern

A Time of War/A Time of Peace, *by George McGovern (Random House. 203 pp. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.65), provides an American perspective on goals sought by Sakharov. William R. Kintner is professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania and deputy director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute.*

By WILLIAM R. KINTNER

SENATOR GEORGE MCGOVERN'S book is an odd mixture of something old and something new. It seems to have been rather hastily assembled out of speeches from the dim past of four or five years ago and more recent observations on the turbulent present. The author identifies himself completely with President Kennedy's search for the Holy Grail—to be found after the United States and the Soviet Union achieve a rational solution to their confrontation. Yet, oddly enough, the reasons why the Soviet Union and the United States came into an adversary relationship are never explicitly discussed in a book largely devoted to aspects of the many-pronged struggle between America and the Communist-ruled countries.

A Time of War/A Time of Peace is divided into three parts: "American Security in Perspective," "American Policy and the World's Trouble Spots," and "The Continuing Revolution in America and the World."

Part I, dealing almost exclusively with the strategic arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union, begins with a speech delivered in 1963 called "New Perspectives on American Security," which is now seriously out of date. Without comment, McGovern reiterates a statement made at that time: "The Russians do not have a nuclear capacity equal to ours, but our 'superiority' is a largely meaningless concept in view of their 'relative parity.'" The Senator appears oblivious to the fact that the Soviets have been spending, in the last four or five years, twice as much as the U.S. on strategic offensive and defensive weaponry. His speech, delivered when America enjoyed overwhelming superiority, took as gospel Secretary of Defense McNamara's thesis that "the Russians seem to be avoiding construction of highly sophisticated weapons beyond what they regard as enough to destroy the United States in the event of war." It is now public knowledge that the Soviets were behaving quite differently, and at least a footnote to this effect would have been helpful.

Two other speeches in Part I, "A Proposal to Reverse the Arms Race" and "The National Economic Conversion Act," were also delivered in 1963. The first presented a plan for an across-the-board cut in military spending, while the second is a proposal for conversion to a peacetime economy. Sandwiched between is a compassionate speech supporting the Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty, in which McGovern took umbrage with those Senators who prodded the President into assuring "that underground testing will be energetically pushed and that we will be prepared to resume atmospheric tests if that becomes necessary." Senator Henry M. Jackson, John F. Kennedy's 1960 Presidential campaign manager, expressed concern in September 1968 that the efforts made to overcome some of the technical hazards imposed by the Test-Ban Treaty on U.S. defense have not been successful. He stated in a report:

> When our Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee was conducting hearings on the then proposed Limited Test-Ban Treaty over five years ago, several expert witnesses warned us that we did not know enough about EMP [electromagnetic pulse, one of the results of a nuclear detonation] and the possible effects it might have on our IBM and other missile systems. However, expert proponent witnesses assured us that over-design, that is, providing more hardening against EMP than was thought necessary, would solve this problem and we should not be too concerned about it. Now, five years later, EMP is still a serious problem.

In discussing "The Anti-Ballistic Missile: A Security Delusion," McGovern regrets that "Secretary McNamara was unable to prevent the initiation of the most costly, wasteful, and transparently futile 'defense' program of the decade—the anti-ballistic missile." Admittedly, there are many technical and political pros and cons about the U.S. decision to deploy a "thin" ABM defense, and the Senator has set these forth with commendable objectivity. His allegation, however, that this decision was prompted by pressures from the "military-industrial complex" needs far more convincing proof than he offers.

There are so many inequities associated with the present draft law that I find myself in agreement with Senator McGovern's support—in the chapter "An End to the Draft"—for an adequately paid voluntary defense force. Professional armed services might be more effective in this day and age than those partially dependent upon the draft for recruitment. The possible merit, however, of a national service for a variety of useful social goals is a topic that I hope the Senator will explore further.

The three trouble spots that Senator McGovern chooses to focus upon in Part II are Cuba, China, and Vietnam. In his speech on Cuba, delivered in March 1963, McGovern raised the question of

(*Continued on page* 68)

"I'm worried, Doctor. He's lost the will to write memos."

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

IF ONE asks for information from *SR* readers, one gets it. A couple of years ago (*SR*, May 7, 1966), I asked the meaning of a word that I spelled "boryborygmus." More than 150 persons wrote to tell me how the word should be spelled (borborygmus) and what it meant. In a ballad called "The Intoxicated Rat" the singer tells how he came home one night, "so drunk I could not see," fell over the doormat, and spilled a bottle of liquor. This was so much enjoyed by a venturesome rat that the owner was "glad that I had stumbled and spilled it on the floor." So I was glad of my misspelling, for I acquired from my correspondents a great deal of enlightening and often amusing information about the word and the phenomenon to which it applies.

Recently (*SR*, Oct. 12) I asked who was responsible for the word "psychedelic," and almost before the issue was off the press I had an answer—from a lawyer, as it happens. Within the week I had a couple of dozen more, mostly from doctors but also from lexicographers, editors, and amateur philologists, and the present count is fifty-two.

The first letter I received gave me the essential information: "psychedelic" was coined by Dr. Humphry Osmond in an address that was printed in *The Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences*, March 14, 1957. The address was delivered in April 1956 at a conference on "The Pharmacology of Psychotomimetic and Psychotherapeutic Drugs," sponsored by the Ford Foundation and the New York Academy.

Dr. Osmond said: "I have tried to find an appropriate name for the agents under discussion: a name that will include the concepts of enriching the mind and enlarging the vision. Some possibilities are: psychephoric, mind-moving; psychehormic, mind-rousing; and psychoplastic, mind-molding. Psychezymic, mind-fermenting, is indeed appropriate. Psycherhexic, mind bursting forth, though difficult, is memorable. Psycheletic, mind-releasing, is satisfactory. My choice, because it is clear, euphonious, and uncontaminated by other associations, is psychedelic, mind-manifesting."

In my piece I said the word "was intended to have and does have a favorable connotation." This is borne out by Osmond's discussion of other possibilities. Moreover, in the preceding paragraph he said, "Why are we all so preoccupied with the pathological, the negative? Is health only the lack of sickness? Is good merely the absence of evil? Is pathology the only yardstick?"

One problem concerns the part that Aldous Huxley played in the christening. As several correspondents have pointed out, Laura Huxley in *The Timeless Moment* suggests that Huxley and Dr. Osmond collaborated in creating the word. Dr. Osmond, whom I questioned about this, writes that the word grew out of his continuing correspondence with Huxley. Not long before he was to read his paper, Huxley wrote him:

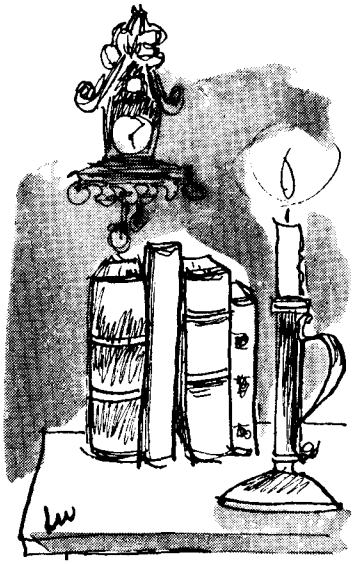
> To make this mundane world sublime
> Take half a gram of phanerothyme.

This set Osmond to consulting "a small book of Greek and Latin roots suitable for medical men," and he came up with the variety of terms he listed in his speech, as quoted above. When he had made his choice, he wrote to Huxley:

> To fall in Hell, or soar angelic
> You need a pinch of psychedelic.

(These couplets, as I learned from several readers, appeared in a somewhat different form in *Newsweek* for May 24, 1965.)

Two classicists among my correspondents have objected to "psyche" as the combining form, saying it should be "psycho." Several have quoted from Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*: "It was even before Dr. Osmond had invented the term 'psychodelic,' which was later amended to 'psychedelic' to get rid of the nuthouse connotation of 'psycho.'" Dr. Osmond, whom I questioned about this, says that he did think "psychedelic" had a pleasanter sound, and writes: "Since psychedelic had passed muster with both Aldous and Sir Julian Huxley, who were formidable classicists, I did not think there could be too much wrong about it."



Dr. Osmond confesses, "The widespread use of the word probably surprises no one more than me." He thinks that the publicity given to the experiments of Dr. Timothy Leary had something to do with the rapid acceptance of the word. As for its application to clothing, art, lighting, etc., he regards that as something of a joke, and so does Lisa Bieberman of the Psychedelic Information Center in Cambridge. Last year, she writes me, a sign in a store near Harvard Square read, "Make Campus Dorm a Psychedelic Norm." "Whatever that means," she adds, and she might be expected to know if anyone does.

So far as "gormless" and "gormed" are concerned, a number of correspondents called my attention to the quotation from *David Copperfield* cited by Richard Mechling in *SR*'s Book Forum, Nov. 2: Mr. Peggotty said "that he would be 'gormed' if he didn't cut and run for good." David goes on to say, "It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation."

One correspondent reports that "gormless" was common in Lancashire when he was growing up. Another tells me that in Maine workmen say, "I can't make it look very good, but I'll gorm it up somehow." Our local equivalent for "gorm" in that sense is "cobble": "I didn't have the proper tools, but I cobbled it up somehow."

I had some learned comments on "schlemiel," but with the publication of Leo Rosten's *The Joys of Yiddish*, that problem seems to be pretty well taken care of. He offers four spellings—shlemiel, schlemiel, shlemiehl, and shlemihl—and gives reasons for preferring schlemiel. He illustrates seven shades of meaning: "a foolish person," "a consistently unlucky or unfortunate person," "a clumsy, butter-fingered, all-thumbs, squeak," "a naïve, trusting, gullible customer," "anyone who makes a foolish bargain." It is only this last usage that he connects with Chamisso's story about Peter Schlemihl. He doubts that the word is derived, as some people have argued, from "shlimazl," and observes, without committing himself, that it may come from the name Shlumiel, an unlucky general mentioned in the Book of Numbers. As several persons have written me, the *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia* (1942) indicates that Shlumiel, son of Zurishaddai who was killed by Phinehas, was the original shlemiel.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

"Taste" a Dirty Word?

Mr. Granville Hicks has long been one of my favorite bookmen, but in the issue of Oct. 19 he lost one of his disciples.

SR used to uphold a high standard of taste for its readers, but recently taste seems to have become a dirty word. We now, it seems, must be "alive to the rhythm of the times." In Mr. Hicks's review of the latest book by one Jerzy Kosinski he not only gives more than a column to Mr. Kosinski's short stories, he outdoes the tabloids in his minute details of the most vicious, sadistic perversions. The lustful goings-on of the sexes is now old hat, we must now be regaled with the most nauseating diversions of sadistic monsters.

Harriet Benedict.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

I've been trying to make it a practice to avoid reading novels when I'm sure they contain nothing but obscene language, immorality, sex, sex, sex, sex . . . so when I come across such words and expressions in *SR* with no forewarning, it's really quite a shock (no doubt the intention of the author and the book reviewer).

I wish *SR* would leave the *trash* with *trash* publications.

Phyllis Pelissier.
Marquette, Mich.

Someone to Watch

In his review of Eugene Mirabelli's *The Way In* [SR, Sept. 21] Granville Hicks quotes the beginning of that novel: "I, Frank Annunzio, tell you this story. Some time ago—I was twenty-two at the time—I quit my job, packed my clothes into a suitcase, and set out in search of my future."

Sound familiar? It should, especially to Mr. Hicks. I believe he has spoken fondly, if not perceptively, of the writings of Herman Melville. *Moby Dick* begins: "Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world."

I must agree with Mr. Hicks's earlier pronouncement on Mr. Mirabelli's talents: "The obvious thing to say about such a writer is the true thing: he is somone to watch."

Louis A. Osti.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Misled

If the letters to the Nov. 2 Book Forum are any indication, you have not misled readers about George Wallace, but some have misled themselves. Two points: First, the Alabama Constitution gives the Governor no authority over the university. The constitution specifies, to the contrary, that the university is under the authority of its own Board of Trustees. The Governor sits on the Board in an *ex officio* capacity; he controls one vote—his own; and he does not appoint the trustees—the Board is a self-perpetuating body. I seem to remember that in 1963 the trustees had agreed to integrate the university, so Wallace's "stand in the door" was unconstitutional theatrics.

Secondly, the state sales tax in Alabama may be only 4 per cent, as one writer observed; but on top of this, most counties and many cities also levy a sales tax. When we lived in Tuscaloosa, the total sales tax was 5½ per cent, and it was collected on every purchase, including food, clothing, and medicine. Needless to say, such a levy is an extreme burden on lower-income families. Moreover, Alabama also has an income tax.

On balance, it is fair to say that had Wallace demonstrated in Alabama what he claimed to be able to do nationally, many of us would have been more reluctant to leave.

Robert R. Sherman.
Gainesville, Fla.

Water-Color Ideas

May I add to Elizabeth Gould Davis's protest of Oct. 12 my own note of rage? When will a male writer (except Thornton Wilder, say) be able to bring forth in his book a woman character, a real woman, whom other women might remember, or wish (hopefully) to emulate? Why can't they see women as people with mind, brains, heart and judgment (good or bad) as well as body?

Men writers' characters seem to be either folkway, traditional clichés, or paper dolls with water-color ideas from the male writer's own personal psychic grudges, overshadowed by the male preoccupation with sex. This lack of perception that women are *half the hooman race* is also evident in reviews by men. It's ridiculous, but also dangerous—their blindness. How long will it take for "The Establishment" to give women like Pearl Buck, say, their proper place in magazines, news media—and government?

E. V. Wright.
Seal Beach, Calif.

Spanish-Crowing Rooster

In your issue of Oct. 12, concerning I. B. Singer's *The Seance and Other Stories* the reviewer speaks of the animal allegory. "Cockadoodle-doo," *i.e.*, ". . . the mystic power of the rooster's cry, the symbol of salvation." Locally, our Spanish-crowing roosters are said to crow, "Cristo murió, Cristo mu-ri-ó, *i.e.*, "Christ died." The Spanish words do indeed sound like the crow of a rooster and emphasize the ". . . symbol of salvation." Words *are* fun.

Jaime Dorroh.
Kingsville, Tex.

Narrator Not Nerzhin

I've just caught up with Maurice Friedberg's review of *The First Circle*, by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn [*SR*, Sept. 14], and would like to point out that Nerzhin is not the novel's narrator. The main character, yes. But he doesn't tell the story.

Ione Lilienthal.
Pottsville, Pa.

"Bruce, I've painted my body."

Coming November 30th
SR's Christmas Book Issue

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Or perhaps it will be a tiny street fair you'll discover just around the corner from your new western-style hotel. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. Complete with costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present.

It's all part of the charm of visiting Japan. The old and the new happily blended—to see, and to enjoy. Travel by luxurious jet to a town where time seems to have stood still, and where the houses are festooned with bright streamers for the Summer Star festival.

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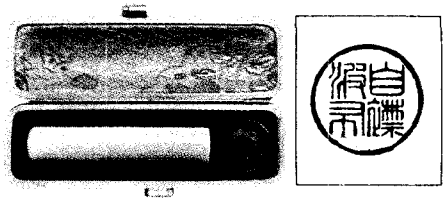

in Japanese characters. Or, just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet senbei crackers before he shows you his treasures.

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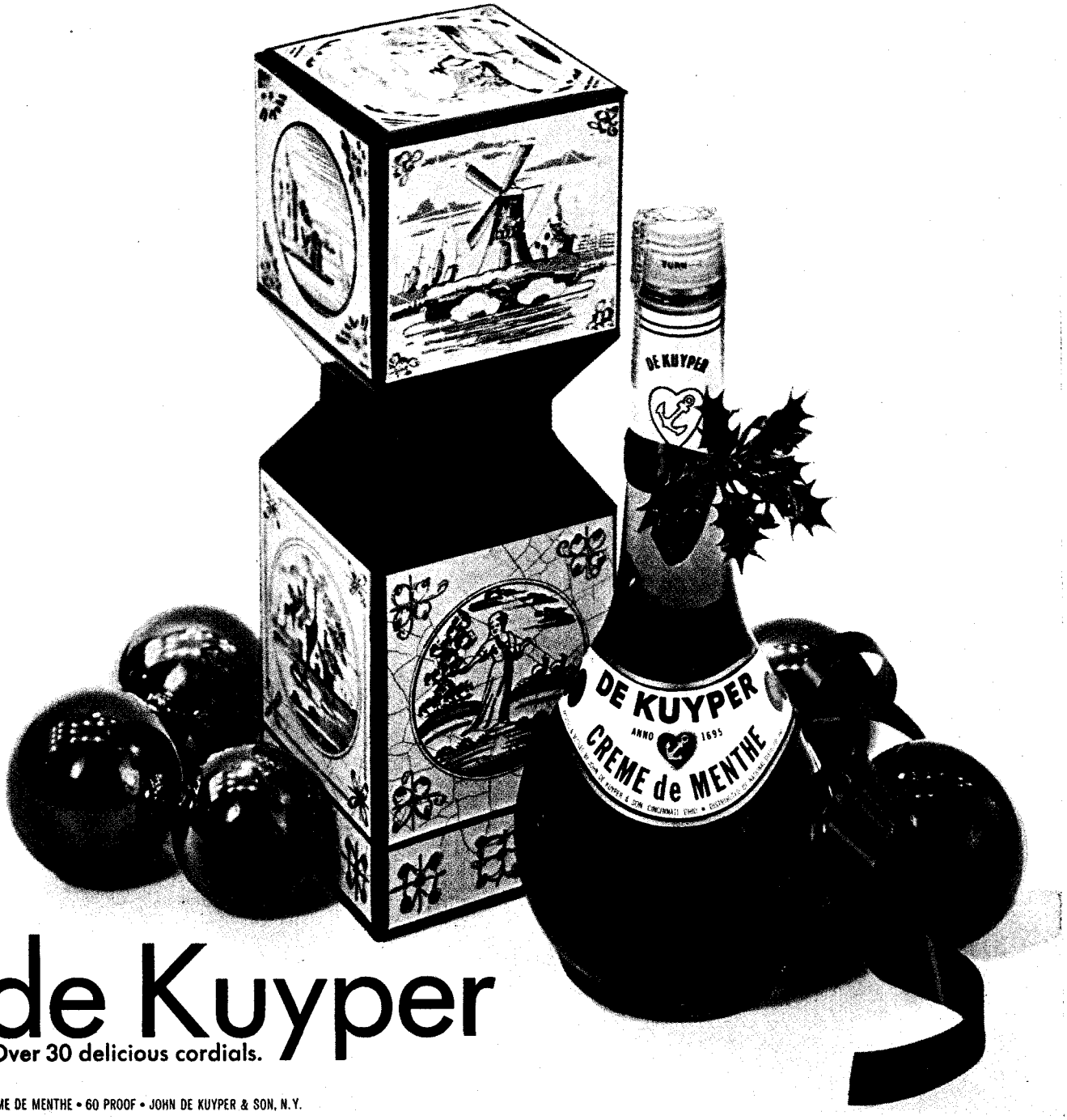

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On the Fringe

Haskel Frankel

"There's nothing worth mentioning about me except my charm," Herbert Mayes said from somewhere behind the pipe that is a permanent feature of his face. A modest statement indeed. Mr. Mayes, at sixty-eight, can look back on one of the most distinguished editorial careers in America today. The president of the McCall Corporation until his retirement in 1965, he has now been called back into active service with the magazine. "Let's say I have emerged briefly. I've been asked by the management to help out a little bit on *McCall's*. I have no official connection with the magazine. The responsibility rests with the people downstairs, and I feel an enormous sense of excitement about what they are doing. By early spring—the March issue to be exact—you will see the results of the most forward-thinking, dramatic plans I have ever seen. I expect that in a handful of months the people around here will have seen the last of me. When that happens, I will consider my job a success."

Then back to retirement? Yes, if you consider a man who has never worked less than ten hours a day as being in retirement. And out of his previous retirement has come the two-volume, 2,195-page *An Editor's Treasury: A Continuing Literary Anthology* (Atheneum, $24.95).

"Except for books given to me by my children, Mrs. Mayes, or intimate friends, I hold no brief for keeping books. This anthology was begun in the 1920s. Not that I had an anthology in mind then. But if I read something that amused me, impressed me, tickled me in some way, I tore the pages out, clipped them together, and threw away the rest of the book. I began organizing the material I had clipped in 1944 while I was recuperating from an illness.

"I must point out that the material in my anthology is writing that meant something to me at the time I clipped it. Not necessarily today. For example, today it is difficult for me to reread all of Dickens and have the same reactions I had when I first read him. When Dora died in *David Copperfield* I remember weeping. Hell, I couldn't do that today.

"The problem of obtaining permissions to reprint excerpts in the anthology is worth an article in itself. To get one permission I sometimes had to write maybe a dozen letters. The author is dead, so you write to the widow who holds the copyright, to a literary agent, to a lawyer, a trustee at the bank. . .

"I wanted to use an excerpt from *All Quiet on the Western Front* but Remarque's American publisher told me he never answered letters. I found out that all the letters sent to him had been written in English. I wrote in German and got an immediate reply. I wrote to Anne Frank's father in German, André Maurois in French. When it came to Lin Yutang I didn't know Chinese, but happily his English is perfect.

"Did you know that you can use the name of Samuel Clemens free, but if you put Mark Twain to something it costs two cents a word because Harper & Row still have a copyright on Mark Twain? To use Robert Frost's work costs $100 a poem, $3 a line for anything by A. A. Milne. I wrote to Leonard Woolf about an excerpt from Virginia Woolf's writings. He asked if a $2 fee would be all right.

"The next two volumes of the anthology won't be published for at least two years. It takes a year just to get all of the permissions, and Atheneum needs a year for production. Anyway, the future of the anthology—I see it coming out two volumes at a time, the same size as these two—depends on the response to these first two volumes. Atheneum must have committed themselves to at least a quarter of a million dollars on this project. I must say this for my publishers: these people have nerve."

Out of a minute windowed room overlooking the leafy yards of Greenwich Village have come the autobiographies of Dagmar Godowsky, Bette Davis, Elaine Barrymore, Robert Merrill and, most recently, Helen Hayes's *On Reflection* (Evans, $5.95). The first book makes no mention of Sandford Dody ("Dagmar's been announcing for years that she is going into her second book, but I've been too busy."). The Davis book contains only an acknowledgment, but no byline. ("I was with my family watching the life of Bette Davis on TV. They suddenly said, 'And then she wrote her brilliant, best-selling autobiography.' There was a shot of her at the typewriter, meditating as she wrote. My family was distressed, I burst out laughing.") With Elaine Barrymore the ghostly Mr. Dody came of age and received an *and* byline. Both the Robert Merrill and Helen Hayes books are written *with* Sandford Dody. "I think 'as told to' is a cheap idea, and yet it really is the truest description of the work."

The first thing I saw when I entered Mr. Dody's apartment, which contains more the promise of furniture than actual furnishings, was a package of the Hayes books from his publisher. They had been mailed to the wrong address. Typical treatment, it seems, for a ghost, who is often forgotten when the book is finished. Mr. Dody said, "These slights are inevitable in this field. I take them philosophically, but I pray for the day when I materialize in all my glory, shouting my identity letter by letter for all to hear."

Mr. Dody is tall, slim, with a certain air one would describe as jaded if he were not so informal and animated a person. What hair is left on his head is graying and tends to huddle around his ears. His eyes droop in a way reminiscent of a bloodhound. I asked about his accent, which sounds Noël Coward-Mayfair. "I call it Sardi's English. I'm a native New Yorker. Once at a dinner someone asked me if I was English. I said, 'No, affected.' "

Conversation turned to the Helen Hayes book, and he was off and running. "She is a tasteful woman, a reticent woman who has borne her tragedies with grace. You know, an autobiography was not what she wanted to write. She wanted to leave a heritage of some kind to her grandchildren, and I convinced her that the greatest heritage she could leave would be the very touching story of her own life. I have never had a more artful, more literate and, once receptive to the idea *in toto*, more cooperative collaborator.

"No, I don't work with tapes. I think people freeze with a tape recorder going. We just sit and chat. I'll tell them intimate things about myself, and if they survive that, they may tell me about themselves. People are much more ready in all relationships to give if they have received. Gradually, as they open up to me, we tend to fuse personalities.

"The work takes time, and it depends on cooperation. Bette Davis gave me the most time—10:00 to 5:00 daily, five days a week for eight weeks. Elaine Barrymore gave me the least—I can count it in hours. My writing time is about three to four months with a three- to eight-week gestation period before I start. What with travel, seeing the subject, research, each book adds up to a year of my life.

"And then somehow the relationship with a subject ends when the book comes out. I think a resentment of things said, confidences shared, sets in on the part of the subject. They begin to think about the book we did together as their property, and I assume I become an embarrassment. I guess it's part of my work and I have come to accept it, but I look forward to being surprised. Some of the people I have worked with I would like to keep on knowing. Oddly enough, I've come to love all my subjects."

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Between Time and Timelessness

Blue Juniata: Collected Poems of Malcolm Cowley *(Viking. 149 pp. $5.75), beginning with pastorals, follows the poet's life through seven successive phases, including his experience with the "lost generation" in the Europe of the Twenties. Louis Untermeyer, who reviewed Mr. Cowley's first collection almost forty years ago, is himself a poet.*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MOST VOLUMES OF COLLECTED POEMS are arranged by date of composition in one of two ways. Either the early poems come first in order to show the poet shrugging off his influences and maturing into a (debatable) style of his own, or the later poems are presented at the beginning on the theory that the ripest strawberries are always put at the top of the basket. Malcolm Cowley has done neither. The arrangement of his book is chronological, but not according to composition. Grouped by theme and subject matter, the eighty-six poems of *Blue Juniata* disclose a step-by-step, place-after-place autobiography.

Six of the seven sections are introduced by suggestive "definitions" or "notes." The first poem (in some ways the most immediately appealing) is a flashback, a time-travel summoning of youth. The opening pages show the boy, dozing like a snake on a stone, not actually seeing the waterskaters on the pool, the bullfrog among the weeds, the hovering dragonflies, or the hawk standing still in the pale-blue mountain sky. Yet he feels them

> much as he feels warm sandstone
> under his back,
> or smells the punk-dry hemlock wood,
> or hears the secret voice of water
> trickling under stone.

It is on this roughly pastoral note that his life begins; a series of latter-day bucolics, some of which are as grim as Frost's, reminisce about eroded fields, abandoned farms, worn-out mines, the sale of a dead mother's home and all her belongings, yet an irrepressible nostalgia is expressed for "a place where orchard grass,/blue grass and fescue, white and yellow clover/tangle an orchard slope, and juneberries/ripen and fall at the edge of the deep woods."

"I know they're no deposit—no return, but I just can't get myself to throw them away."

The second section, "The Crooked Streets," which has Greenwich Village for its setting, promises a dramatic acceleration after the rural boyhood, but, as Wilde remarked about some ambitious poetry, it is a promissory note that is never met. Written in a sentimental light verse, the poems are a letdown. It is curious that so keen a critic as Cowley, who says, "This book contains everything I should like to save," cares to preserve pieces as mawkish as "Kelly's Barroom," as facile as "Variations on a Cosmical Air," and as trivial as "Young Kuppenheimer Gods."

A decided lift, the third section brilliantly recreates the Europe of the early 1920s, the time of the traveling profiteers, the exploiters of the *Valuta*, the onrushing tourists who (to quote Wilde again) knew the price of everything and the value of nothing. Cowley evokes all sorts of revenants: the spirits of Apollinaire, Eliot (in "Angelica"), and Ezra Pound, as well as the scene itself. The section would be remarkable if only for the concluding contrast between the whimsicality of "The Peppermint Gardens" and the ironic commercialism of "Voices from Home."

SECTION IV ("The City of Anger") represents the Exile's Return to "the metropolis of curiosity and suspicion, . . . the home of lasting impermanence." A reflection of melancholy change, the poems grow both brisk and bitter, madcap without merriment, the expression of the young "lost" generation finding itself middle-aged in a busily preoccupied middle-aged world. What follows in "The Dry Season" section is a quest for the simple emotions of Section I with its concern for ordinary things, springs outlived, meadows dancing with corn, mountains singing with rain, "my own country."

Section VI, entitled "The Unsaved World," comes to its natural conclusion in "Here with the Long Grass Rippling," which appeared as a page in *SR* August 24, 1968. The book's deepest, most disturbing poem, it is nevertheless an affirmative one.

From a technical standpoint *Blue Juniata* contains little to arrest the appraiser of contemporary poetry. There are none of the syntactical tricks, the surrealist disruptions, the superimposed "concrete" typographical displays currently in fashion. The rhythms are fairly regular but not rigid; rhyme is used colloquially and even lyrically; the images are those of a firm, fine-edged individuality. Reviewing Cowley's first volume almost forty years ago, I applauded his intensity, as well as his integrity, and said that he was an instinctive searcher, an explorer attempting to find the frontier between time and timelessness. This collection allows me to say it again.

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He Staged His Anguish

O'Neill: Son and Playwright, *by Louis Sheaffer (Little, Brown. 543 pp. $10), scrutinizes every influence on the dramatist's personality, the principal one of which was his tortured relationship with his parents. Professor Thomas Bishop is a frequent critic of contemporary European and American theater.*

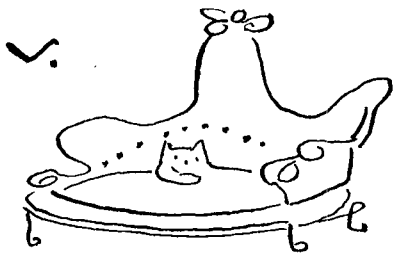
By THOMAS BISHOP

SIGNIFICANTLY, THIS MAMMOTH FIRST volume of a projected two-part biography of America's most distinguished dramatist stresses in its subtitle Eugene O'Neill's all-important relationship with his parents, which has never before been so clearly depicted. We know, of course, the important role it plays in the works of this most autobiographical of authors, but Louis Sheaffer provides us with a fascinating picture of the Nobel Prize-winner's entire youth. Naturally, in so doing he pays particular attention to James O'Neill, the renowned actor who made a career out of playing Dantès in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and his wife, Ella Quinlan O'Neill, a shy, pious lady who fought a lifelong, largely losing battle against drug addiction. The usual complex forces at work between a mother and son were infinitely more intricate in this instance since Eugene's mother became addicted when she was put on morphine after his birth. A feeling of resentment on her part and one of guilt on his tended to color their relationship, although Eugene remained devoted to her.

The O'Neill family structure was a strange one indeed. James, successful and of a dominating personality, tasted both glory and the increasing frustration of finding himself trapped in one role. Ella, who was profoundly affected by the death of her first child, was to suffer untold further heartaches with her two remaining sons: Jamie, cynical, in constant rebellion against his father, leading a drunken and dissipated life; Eugene, extremely sensitive, in revolt against everything, disapproving of his father's kind of theater, and also frequently losing himself in drink. The real dimensions of this tangle of conflicting emotions and personalities, so movingly poeticized by O'Neill in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, is strikingly revealed by the biographer.

The amount of work that has gone into the reconstitution of Eugene's background and boyhood is staggering. Mr. Sheaffer writes in the foreword that his research alone took more than seven years—research which drew on every conceivable source and brought to light much new material. Major and lesser people in O'Neill's early life are dealt with at length and become more than mere names in his past. Because there is so much detail about so many characters and events the reader is occasionally overwhelmed by particulars, almost as if set adrift on a sea of trivia. But it is a price well worth paying when the reward is a meticulously documented portrayal of great depth and with rich overtones.

Mr. Sheaffer is particularly successful in dealing with the two most important aspects of O'Neill's youth other than the parental relationship: the various women in his early life, including his first two wives, and the nightmare of des-



pondency and drunkenness that was his lot for many years and from which he was never really able to escape definitively. Those who felt close to him were dismayed by O'Neill's monumental binges—his inadequate way of coping with his anguish and aimlessness—especially during the years that he haunted the waterfront bars, wallowing in dejection and self-pity in the company of prostitutes and pimps.

With women young O'Neill was impulsive and demanding. He fell in love frequently, often at first sight, for he seemed to be more in love with love than with any one girl. This impetuous nature led him to a very brief first marriage that obviously hadn't a chance. Much more significant were his passionate affairs with Louise Bryant, who became his mistress soon after she was wed to his good friend John Reed, and with Agnes Boulton, the second Mrs. O'Neill. The author of the present biography catches admirably how the playwright's personality subtly changed when he was with different women. We see what they brought to him and what they failed to bring, as well as what O'Neill was prepared to give of himself in a relationship.

IN an engrossing account of O'Neill's development into a great dramatist, this volume takes us up to 1920 and his first great hit, *Beyond the Horizon*, after covering the early struggles in New London, Provincetown, and Greenwich Village. The numerous links Mr. Sheaffer establishes between the people in O'Neill's life and the characters in his plays are especially meaningful in adding to our understanding of his theater. However the author is less effective in describing the artistic process itself, and his evaluation of the plays reveals no significant critical insight. But then, Mr. Sheaffer's aim is primarily to study the life of the artist rather than his art. In this respect *Eugene O'Neill: Son and Playwright* is a remarkable achievement in biography. One eagerly awaits volume two.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

HOT AND COLD

Each of the authors listed wrote at least one literary work whose very title warms or chills. David H. Griswold of Greenwich, Conn., wants you to complete the titles and match them up with their authors; normalcy is restored on page 65.

1. ___ SNOW- _____ ( )
2. BURNING _____ ( )
3. _____ _____ _ SUMMER _____ _ _____ ( )
4. COOL _____ ( )
5. ___ FIRES _ _____ ( )
6. ___ WINTER _ _ _____ ( )
7. ___ FIRE ____ ____ ( )
8. ___ WINTER'S ____ ( )
9. FAHRENHEIT ____ ( )
10. ___ _ _ HOT _ ____ ( )
11. _ COLD ____ ( )
12. ICE _____ ( )
13. COLD _____ ____ ( )
14. ___ HEAT _ _ _ ( )
15. ___ SNOWS _ _____ ( )

a. James Baldwin
b. Elizabeth Bowen
c. Ray Bradbury
d. Truman Capote
e. Edna Ferber
f. Stella Gibbons
g. Nathaniel Hawthorne
h. Ernest Hemingway
i. Aldous Huxley
j. Jack London
k. James Michener
l. Carl Sandburg
m. William Shakespeare
n. John Steinbeck
o. Tennessee Williams

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Total Man for Total Theater

Gordon Craig, *by Edward Craig (Knopf. 398 pp. $10), is a full-length portrait of the designer-producer who revolutionized the theater of his time. Stanley Young, a playwright, is professor of drama at Hofstra University on Long Island and former executive vice president of the American National Theater and Academy (ANTA).*

By STANLEY YOUNG

THEATER HISTORIANS AND CRAFTSMEN have long awaited a definitive record of the flamboyant but inspired and productive life of Gordon Craig, the most controversial designer-producer in Western theatrical history. In this painstaking and fully documented biography by his son, Edward, we see for the first time the man emerging from the romantic mists of his colossal legend. Nevertheless, even though this book makes his demonic struggles and his singular wild address to life humanly understandable, he is still Gulliver, constantly harassed and frequently almost pinned down by a world of Lilliputians. Somehow, however, he always shook free and roamed his special landscape with a giant step.

What was the nature of the genius of this illegitimate son of actress Ellen Terry and architect William Godwin, this wayward, impetuous, physically and intellectually compelling figure who in his youth suddenly turned from acting small roles in his mother's London troupe and plunged into the graphic arts? As his biographer makes increasingly clear, his genius—apart from that cliché about "an infinite capacity for taking pains"—was his ever-widening vision of life and of a "new" impressionistic theater where scenery, lighting, costumes, stage, and performers were brought into a symphonic unity that heightened and enhanced the illusions of his chosen make-believe world. The total man demanding a total theater of his own making—that was his idealized conception of his own identity.

His feverish personal life included a marriage that ended in divorce and numerous extramarital liaisons, including that with the author's mother, Elena Meo, and Isadora Duncan; almost constant financial difficulties, and the arrogant use of friends and acquaintances to help achieve his undeviating artistic ends. In the relentness surge of his will, carried almost to the point of zealotry, he seems to typify what Otto Rank has called man's continuing irrational need for "an assurance of eternal survival for his self." Even as he worked with Stanislavsky in Moscow, under ideal conditions, to create his masterful production of *Hamlet,* he quarreled with his associates and was impatient at the slightest change in his designs and concepts.

FROM 1900 on, Craig began to stage operas and plays with a kind of experiential intensity that soon had a vital influence on theater throughout Europe, particularly in Germany, Austria, and Russia. The significant productions in England that spread his growing fame abroad were Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and *Masque of Love,* Handel's *Acis and Galatea,* Ibsen's *Vikings,* Laurence Housman's *Bethlehem,* and Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Halfway along in this biography Edward Craig lists the major influences that he believes shaped his father's career. Through his mother he had the theater in his blood. From Henry Irving, in whose company he had acted in his formative years, he learned to respect craftsmanship. From his father, William Godwin, he inherited a love and understanding of architecture—the art by which "ideas are expressed in Structure." From the painters Pryde and Nicolson he found out how to convey ideas and sensory impressions through the medium of the graphic arts, and discovered the meaning of form and the "dramatic powers of light and shade." From his friend, the composer Martin Shaw, he learned about music. Above all, through music he learned about movement, which, his biographer contends, "then became his main preoccupation. Then he met Isadora the dancer—but she did not dance dances, she danced ideas; she moved in sympathy with emotions called forth by the music of Peri, Gluck, and Beethoven, and the audience responded to the ideas she generated." Out of this new preoccupation Craig began to evolve a kind of abstract theater that would appeal to the emotions of the audience through movement alone, freed from restrictions of plot.

In a theater that was predominantly realistic, both in England and on the Continent, Craig's ability to carry out his private impressionistic vision remains awesome, even as we recognize his driving will and charismatic hold on the people he encountered, loved, used, discarded, and often devoured in his relentless pursuit of his own "daemon." Little by little he became that rare thing, a prophet in his own country. Some of the great figures of his time who honored him were Yeats, Wells, Beerbohm, Roger Fry, Lady Gregory, and Augustus John.

It is impossible in a review to catch more than the highlights of this crowded and tempestuous career. Edward Craig has, no doubt, turned over a library of memorabilia to give us fuller insight into the character of the man who displayed such sublime or exaggerated responses to life and theater for nearly a century. A "definitive biography" of such an elusive genius can perhaps never be written. But this present work, even though at times almost swamped by an overabundance of detail and impressions, stands forth unmistakably as the most honest and objective full-length portrait to date of Gordon Craig, whose lifelong cry seems above all else to have been "Remember me."

"Look, mister, how in blazes can a guy like you be a conservative when a guy like me is a conservative?"

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Quips at the Algonquin: Inevitably the day will come when there will be no one left to reminisce firsthand about the Round Table at the Algonquin, and we outsiders who have been nourished through the decades on scraps of wit flung from the board will find ourselves in a less amusing world. It is with gratitude, therefore, that one reads *Voices Offstage: A Book of Memoirs*, by Marc Connelly (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95). Connelly was there, and he gives hilarious reports of the quips and pranks of Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker and others.

Mr. Connelly belonged at the Round Table, as did they all, by right of wit and accomplishment. In the Twenties he co-authored with George S. Kaufman the successful Broadway plays *Dulcy* (tailored for Lynn Fontanne), *Merton of the Movies* (currently being performed in Repertory in Minneapolis), and *Beggar on Horseback*, among others. Alone he wrote still others, notably *The Green Pastures*, one of the outstanding hits of the Thirties and later a motion picture.

When work in the studios drew the Algonquinites to Hollywood they frequently congregated for lunch at the Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard, and the jests continued, thereby providing Mr. Connelly with a further source of delightful anecdote. There they dubbed themselves the "Butterworth Athletic Club," in honor of Charlie Butterworth, who promised to pay for a catcher's mask and the proper mitts should they ever decide to get up a ball game.

Work as well as pleasure often took Connelly abroad—as an actor he played the Stage Manager in the London production of *Our Town*—and he became acquainted with many illustrious persons, from Bernard Shaw, William Butler Yeats and Lord Dunsany to the royal families of England and Sweden. When he needed a certain prop for *The Farmer Takes a Wife* it was provided personally by Henry Ford.

An error in *Voices Offstage* should be corrected: *In Abraham's Bosom*, instead of *Hell-Bent fer Heaven*, is attributed to Hatcher Hughes as the Pulitzer Prize-winner of 1924 and described as a "greatly inferior contender." *In Abraham's Bosom* was written by Paul Green. It did win the prize, and deservedly, but not until three years later.

Mr. Connelly was born in 1890 in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. In early childhood he was taken by his parents to see the renowned Richard Mansfield, then touring in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which introduced him to the theater. These memoirs, which reflect a lifetime devotion to it, make a welcome addition to any theater-lover's library.

—STEPHEN DRAPER.

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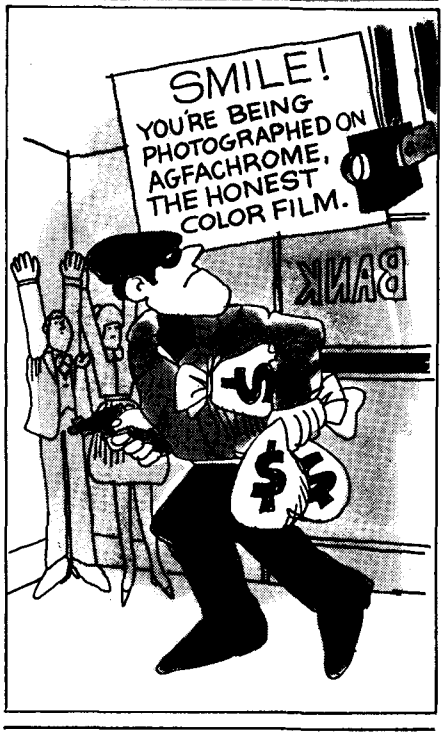

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AGFA-GEVAERT

Of Life and Laughter, Death and Loneliness

The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B, *by J. P. Donleavy (Delacorte. 403 pp. $6.95), concerns a gentle young Frenchman of Irish ancestry and his search for love in Paris, Dublin, and London. Robert Scholes is the author of "The Fabulators," a study of a number of contemporary novelists.*

By ROBERT SCHOLES

SCENE: The Reviewer's Kitchen. Wife at stove frying up some hamburgers with a sauce of shallots, bone-marrow, and California red. The reviewer at kitchen table, waiting for hamburgers, etc., sipping St. Emilion, hefting book.

REVIEWER: You'll want to read this *Balthazar B.*

WIFE: I never cared for Donleavy.

REVIEWER: You'll care for this. It'll make you laugh and cry. That's what you want out of a novel, isn't it?

WIFE: It may not be what everybody wants, but it's what *I* want.

CURTAIN

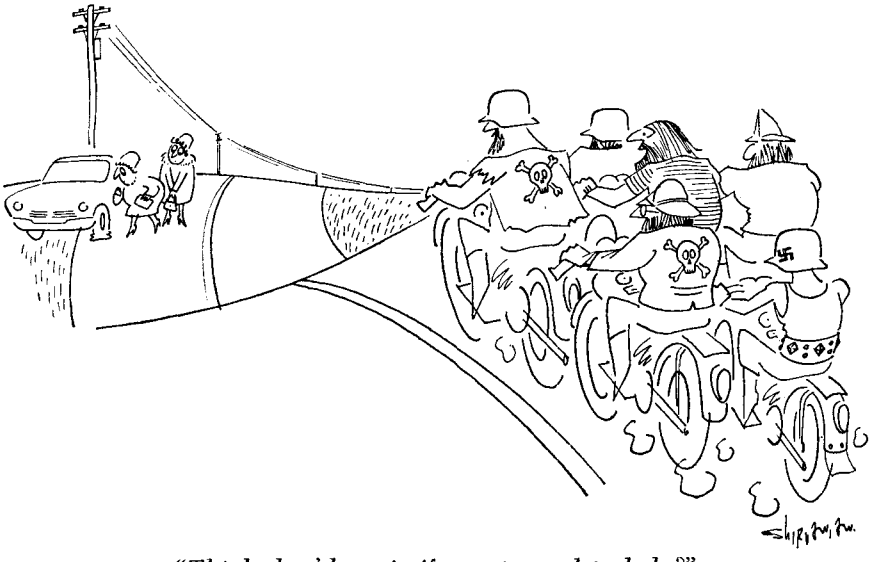
The best reviews are often left on the kitchen table. But I will try to preserve a bit of that culinary directness and simplicity, and begin by saying that *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B* pleased me and I think it will please you. Though I have not kept up with all J. P. Donleavy's work, my impression is that for most people *The Ginger Man* still casts its uproarious shadow over the books that have followed it. Donleavy's reputation has suffered from the brilliance of his first startling appearance as a novelist.

Balthazar B should alter this state of affairs. It is a better book than *The Ginger Man*, richer in its moods and sympathies. Its prose is honed to a fine edge of humor and tenderness that stops, as it should, just short of poetry. The language reminds one of Dylan Thomas, but without the Welsh windiness which enflatulates Thomas's prose. Donleavy seeks with short, fragmented sentences to do justice to sensations and moods, not to overwhelm them with a torrent of verbiage. Consider, for example, this description of a happy spring moment after a sad Dublin winter:

> Late afternoon settling grayly. Somewhere west peeks a sinking sun. Fanning pink across the clouds. The stark chimneys of the Rubric and the tip top tower of the Campanile. When a spring stillness comes to the soft air. The world stops. And suddenly it goes on forever. Turning slowly round in its own tiny time. Click of the cricket bat and pop of tennis ball. The air comes down and breathes on you. When all the flowers know and rush to grow. Their fattest flowing leaves sent up. Their white bulbs secret and pleased in the moist black ground.

The familiar sensations of food and sex and weather are offered to us as if for the first time. When Balthazar learns that his first frolic of lovemaking resulted in a son born to his former governess, and that the child was put out for adoption, his thoughts are presented in this way:

> The bell in the gray high looming Campanile. Tolls as I go by. To get back in my bed. My feet walking beneath me. I held her hand all those years ago. And I know. The seed I planted then. Came out of all the love I knew. Down deep and spinning in a pool. With a little tail. Like a line thrown ashore. To anchor there. All round and red and blazing. For Bella was my bride. We had a son. And all these years a father. When only still a son. He goes somewhere out in the world. Awake in some city. Climbing some steps. A little fellow now. Who might run frightened and afeared. And



"Think they'd panic if we stopped to help?"

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you walk along in darkness by these familiar chains. Across the cobbled square. Ahead my windows. In there I sleep. While nothing now stands still. To throw your arms around and say stay. Or a little boy who could pass his hand to me in summertimes. Something born nudges you gently to go and die. It all could be a flower you lifted once. Looked at. Held the stem. And then you turned your head away.

To
Weep
The night
Till
Day.

The last sentence of this paragraph, and the last sentence of each of the book's thirty chapters as well, reaches out toward poetic form. The paragraph itself touches a major theme in the novel—separation. Not fashionable alienation and disaffection, but plain old loneliness and loss, as parents are parted from children, lover from lover, because "nothing now stands still. To throw your arms around and say stay."

A couple of the funnier and sexier episodes of *Balthazar B* have appeared in *Playboy* magazine, but the "Playboy philosophy" has nothing to do with this book. Though Donleavy presents sex with a virtually unique charm and gaiety, he is really more interested in the tenderness that goes with it. The paragraph quoted above is not likely to find its way into *Playboy*. It removes sex too far from the realm of epidermic and muscular sensation, all too poignantly reminding us that it is really a matter of life and death.

The story of *Balthazar B* is simple. A wealthy young Frenchman of Irish ancestry is born in Paris, schooled in England and at Trinity College, Dublin, married and separated in London. He begins and remains shy and gentle. He seeks love. It proves elusive, even harder to keep than to find. There are really no beatitudes, beastly or otherwise, in this novel, though Balthazar's friend Beefy coins a few outlandishly ribald ones. But neither the meek nor the arrogant inherit the earth in Donleavy's cosmos. While all possess it, none can keep it. In laughing or weeping over this poor little rich boy we find ourselves denying Scott Fitzgerald's famous maxim about the very rich; for we really laugh and weep not for Balthazar but for ourselves.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 g *The . . . -Image*, 2 j . . . *Daylight*, 3 i *After Many a . . . Dies the Swan*, 4 l . . . *Tombs*, 5 k *The . . . of Spring*, 6 n *The . . . of Our Discontent*, 7 a *The . . . Next Time*, 8 m *The . . . Tale*, 9 c . . . *451*, 10 o *Cat on a . . . Tin Roof*, 11 d *In . . . Blood*, 12 e . . . *Palace*, 13 f . . . *Comfort Farm*, 14 b *The . . . of the Day*, 15 h *The . . . of Kilimanjaro.*

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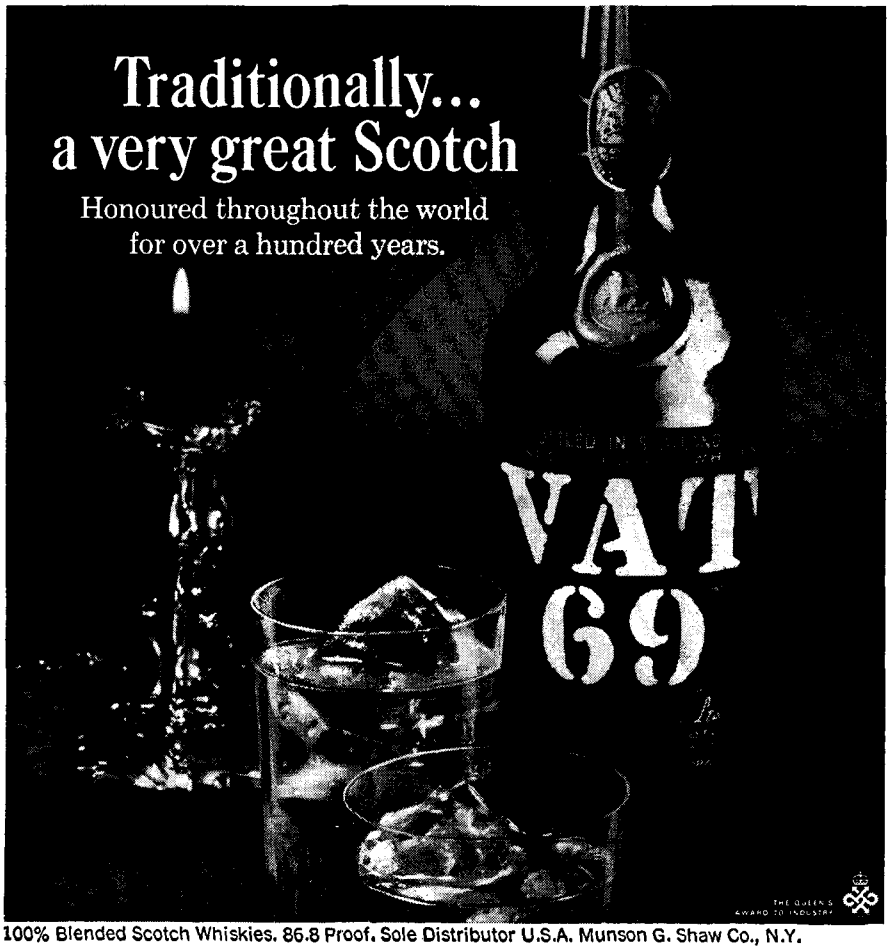
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Parched Souls and Full Hearts

Journal/Nocturnal and Seven Stories, *by E. M. Broner (Harcourt, Brace & World. 269 pp. $5.95), contains tales about assorted intellectuals, a cuckolded dove and others of good will. Adele Z. Silver is a columnist and reviewer for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

By ADELE Z. SILVER

THE TITLE STORY IN THIS COLLECTION could have been written only on an American college campus within the last few years. It is the story of an antiwar professor, called the Husband, and his unhappy Wife. He is heartsick over Vietnam, immersed in protest activities; she stuffs envelopes like a good helpmeet, but her heart is concerned with its private pains. Their friend, the Guest, not only is remote from protest politics but intellectually supports the war. The Guest moves in and wages his own guerrilla battles in the Wife's bedroom. He does even better than the Vietcong.

The Wife tells their story through the daily events recorded in the "Journal," which appears on one side of a split page, while her interior secret images ("Nocturnal") are set forth on the other. The technique reflects the Wife's growing distractedness. In "Journal" she writes of her husband: "I am proud that he is taller than the other demonstrators. I honor him." Simultaneously a fugitive thought appears alongside in "Nocturnal" as she listens to her Husband and the Guest argue politics: "Her only shame. To sleep with someone who is for the war in Vietnam!"

Whether the Wife is attracted more by the Guest's sexual agility or by his political rigidity is never made clear; both seem to refresh her equally. This new twist—the protesting professor as cuckold—could be rich material for a satirist, but E. M. Broner does not use it with any irony. It is not yet acceptable, at least in literary circles, to be amused by the academics who flex their untanned, unmuscled arms to sign fierce petitions. We cannot laugh at ourselves while we are still fighting any more than the hawks can.

The topicality of the plot and the irritating namelessness of its characters smother the story's real artistic interest, the parched soul of the Wife. She is empty—"Her mind and days are full of unoccupied benches"—until the Guest invades her like a dybbuk. Then she is guilty, lustful, restless, separated finally from reality. The passages in "Nocturnal" where the Wife, in a third-person anguish, explores her spiritual unease are Mrs. Broner's successes. She has a supple style and handles poetic images more naturally than many prose writers.

This long work takes up half the book. Of the seven stories that follow, the next longest, "The New Nobility," is by far the best. In a series of sketches of students, drop-outs, would-be artists, a professor on the make, a housewife-teacher, and their curious kinship, Mrs. Broner proves she can draw loving and penetrating portraits. This story, richer and more complex than "Journal/Nocturnal," is better because there is more feeling for every character in it.

"The Enemies," a shorter, simpler story, has a neat twist at the end. Into a modest Jewish neighborhood comes a young salesman, lugging a heavy suitcase filled with cheap fabrics and trinkets. Housewives turn him away until one admits him, out of compassion for his thin suit in the cold wind. They talk, and she learns he is "from Palestine, the Old Country." Ah, now he must have customers, and she calls round to neighbors for him. When he turns to leave and thanks her, she asks his name. "Aziz Abdul Harb, like my father's was." It's the kind of O. Henryish story that has long been out of style, and Mrs. Broner tells it without embarrassment and with considerable skill.

A teacher of English at Wayne State University, Mrs. Broner is at home with campus life and personalities, which are the stuff of so much writing today. She is also clearly familiar with the Jewish "heart" on which every writer except Cozzens and O'Hara seems to be a self-styled authority. These are patterns so well-worn today as to be traps to a writer struggling to develop his own voice. Mrs. Broner has avoided the trap in this first collection of her fiction, but it was a close call. Her special individual gifts—imagery, sympathy, an obliqueness of vision—are evident enough to win admirers who will look forward to her future work.

A Bitter Lesson of Brutal Passion

The Innocent, *by Richard E. Kim (Houghton Mifflin. 384 pp. $6.95), like the Korean author's first novel, "The Martyred," to which it is a sequel, dramatizes a bitter lesson about idealism. Hassell A. Simpson reviews fiction and criticism for SR and other publications.*

By HASSELL A. SIMPSON

CAPTAIN LEE, THE INTROSPECTIVE Korean army officer in Richard E. Kim's first novel, *The Martyred* (1964), learned the bitter lesson that church and state may require martyrs for the good order of both, however sordid or cowardly the actual deaths may have been, and however true it may be that faith and the objects of faith exist only in the mind of man. A secular Passion Play in modern Korean dress, *The Martyred* was the story of one man's triumphant sacrifice of self for mankind. Its unemphatic language, though flat, was well suited to the grand contradictions of that theme, for no verbal consolation could soften their impact.

In Kim's second novel, *The Innocent,* Lee—now a major, and a brilliant tactician—learns another bitter lesson: that idealistic aims for mankind may require a brutality utterly repugnant to idealists. It is a story of men with no faith and little hope, of the tenuous struggle of humane considerations for survival in the jungle of human passion.

A group of young Korean officers aim to overthrow the President, who has led them against the Communists. As the personal friend of their leader, Colonel Min, Lee has become a member of the secret Command Group and a potential foreign minister. Before the revolt, however, he serves chiefly as Colonel Min's humanitarian conscience, always speaking out for sparing lives. Although he thinks quickly under stress, at one crucial moment he hesitates to kill an enemy who is firing upon him; Colonel Min, by shooting the antagonist himself, saves not so much Lee's life as his innocence. Later, when Min is ambushed and killed in Lee's presence, the "innocent" is forced at last into passionate life, not bloodless sainthood.

THE parallel in character and theme between *The Martyred* and *The Innocent* is reinforced by certain shared stylistic features, as for instance the similar titles. The first sentence of *The Martyred* reads: "The war came early one morning in June of 1950. . . ." *The Innocent* begins: "The war came to an end late one evening in the summer of 1953. . . ." And Captain Lee's habit of remarking, "I did not know what to say"

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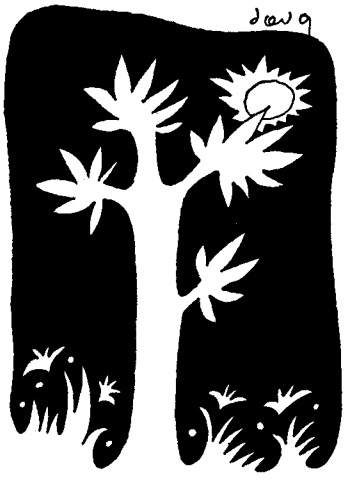
becomes in Major Lee's narrative an insistent refrain.

However, Lee is at no loss for words. Talk and reminiscence in *The Innocent,* which is half again as long as its predecessor, may stretch for pages without substantial advance in plot. That is a pity, for while the story is fleshed out with suspense, it lacks the mythic significance that justified the flat, unemphatic language of *The Martyred,* which reappears here.

This is not entirely fair to Mr. Kim, for English is to him a third language. (Born in North Korea, he was for a time forbidden to speak Korean while attending Japanese schools in Manchuria.) On the other hand, he has chosen to compete not only as a writer in English but



as a professor of it as well. Although Kim is as yet no Conrad, no Nabokov, his achievement is astonishing. Since the end of the Korean War he has earned four degrees from as many American colleges, has taught in two more, and has published two novels superior to most of those written by Americans in the same period.

Not as impressive as *The Martyred, The Innocent* is nevertheless a worthy successor to it.

Do-It-Yourself Detective Story: *L'Amante Anglaise* (translated from the French by Barbara Bray; Grove, $3.95) is a mininovel typical of the customary terse style of Marguerite Duras. As usual she cuts to a minimum the interpretative role of the novelist and lets her characters betray their natures through speech and action. Following a now familiar trend among the "new" novelists of France, Mme. Duras limits this brief work in detective-story format to a small cast of players who convey their personalities exclusively through dialogue. The reader's role is that of a modern Sherlock Holmes, deducing character and trauma from the interrogation of clients and suspects and arriving at a do-it-yourself solution of the enigmas of human behavior. The crux of the matter here is not to discover who committed murder but why.

Mme. Duras proceeds from the initial and unlikely hypothesis that a middle-aged woman of average build, possessing only household cutlery, could stab to death her deaf-mute housekeeper-cousin and then slice her into pieces to be dispatched to the four corners of France, and that she could accomplish this feat by dragging the fragments to a viaduct and throwing them on to the trains that pass through the small town where she lives with her dull husband. The town, Viorne, holds the dubious distinction of being the sole junction of all the trains involved. (Is this a succinct plea for the decentralization of the French National Railways?)

The credibility gap is somewhat bridged with the motivation that gradually unfolds through the testimony gleaned from four recorded interviews. The most original aspect of the novel is the use of the tape recorder as the sole instrument of communication. It is cold and impersonal, and as the tape is played back to the reader the murderess could not be more remote if she had already met her Maker and were burning in the fires of hell.

Why did she do it? It would be a pity to tell, for it is the only question that holds the reader's attention through the hundred or so pages of the novel. Let it suffice to say that the portrait of Claire Lannes as a woman without a dream in her mind or a leap in her heart is bathetic compared to Camus's classic archetype Mersault. One had come to expect much better than this from the usually resourceful Marguerite Duras.

—Anna Balakian.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1320

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1320 will be found in the next issue.

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Recordings Feature

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McGovern

Continued from page 54

"why the wily Khrushchev would invest so heavily in both capital and personnel in the kind of risky enterprise Fidel Castro is frantically trying to establish in Cuba." He might have asked why Khrushchev's successors have continued to invest in Cuba at the rate of some $300 million a year. McGovern suggests that the Soviet purpose was to create "a gadfly designed to divert the attention of the United States from the real dangers and challenges of Latin America." He ignores the fact that Castro's systematic efforts, supported by the Soviet Union, obstruct the attainment of the goals set forth in the Punta del Este Conference of the Alliance for Progress. Senator McGovern does not discuss the strategic advantages which the Soviets have obtained from having access to a base close to our shores. These advantages have been eloquently described in Mario Lazo's chilling book *Dagger in the Heart*.

The Senator's prescription for dealing with Communist China calls for its admission to the U.N. and for increased U.S.-Chinese communication. But again, this speech, delivered to the United States Senate in May 1966, raises a few questions of fact. It is difficult to see, for example, how the Chinese leaders can "recall America's effort in the recent past to crush them in their struggle with Chiang Kai-shek." Rather than "crushing" the Chinese Communists, General Marshall tried to bring about a coalition between the followers of Chiang Kai-shek and of Mao Tse-tung. Subsequently the desultory U.S. effort to support Chiang was reduced drastically. Whether Chiang could have won on the Mainland, even with massive U.S. support, is open to debate. That such aid was not proffered is a matter of record. There may indeed be value in McGovern's suggestion that we open up new channels of communication with China. But comparable attempts by the British, the French, and other Western nations, as well as by India, have not been reciprocated. A footnote should have been included concerning the implications of Mao's Cultural Revolution for the goals set forth in McGovern's speech. Anyone who even superficially follows the current turbulent Chinese scene must ask with whom—in Mainland China—will we communicate?

The Senator's speech on Vietnam, delivered to the U.S. Senate in April 1967, tears into President Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk with gusto. He dismisses the charge that American dissent over U.S. policies in Vietnam might contribute to the prolongation of the conflict. McGovern's penchant for superlatives is revealed in his statement that "our deepening involvement in Vietnam represents the most tragic diplomatic and moral failure in our national experience." It is difficult to determine whether our strategic involvement in Vietnam "square[s] with the conscience or the judgment of many thoughtful Americans." The fact that we may be moving toward a kind of enclave strategy, and that the Presidential candidates of both major political parties advocated a de-Americanization of the war as well as an accelerated search for its early termination, should hearten Senator McGovern. On the other hand, his failure to treat explicitly the massive Soviet role in the Vietnamese conflict, or the totality of the Soviet challenge to American influence in many areas of the world including the dangerous powder-keg of the Middle East, is a major deficiency of his analysis of American security in relation to the troubles we face.

In Part III Senator McGovern considers "The Continuing Revolution in America and the World." The chapter on "The Negro Revolution" begins with the sentence "The status of the Negro in America is the most serious moral crisis facing our nation," and is an eloquent plea for understanding the black American's desire to be accepted and treated as a human being. Equally important is McGovern's recognition that the Afro-Americans, who have lived on this continent for more than 300 years, belong to this land which all Americans must learn to share.

Whether the population explosion is "The Most Important War" may be debated, but the tragic contrast between the affluent industrialized nations and the poverty-stricken Third World is certainly high on the agenda facing the human race. Senator McGovern's passionate and expert views on what needs to be done deserve serious consideration.

In the brief chapter on "Foreign Policy and the Crisis Mentality" the straw men are too obviously made of straw. Are we really in danger of seeing "the isolationists of the 1920s and 1930s replaced by the neo-imperialists, who somehow imagine that the United States has a mandate to impose an American solution the world around"? Or are "the Soviet Union and Mainland China . . . viewed not as major world powers with which we must live, but as diabolical conspiracies that sooner or later we must face in battle"? To this reviewer, at least, there appears to be some incompatibility between Communist totalitarianism and political systems that seek maximum freedom of expression and participation for the individual. The Russian suppression of freedom in Czechoslovakia seems germane. Fundamental philosophical divergencies need not imply a war to the death. But again, one wishes that the Senator, who is so obviously committed to human freedom, would at least discuss the implications of these deep-rooted differences for the prospects of peace.

McGovern's chapter on "The Higher Patriotism" is a moving reaffirmation of the basic tenets of a free society. As he puts it: "A final reason for dissent is love of country. For true love of country is not merely the willing acceptance of institutions or policies. It is the love of an idea and of the process of freedom."

The Senator's closing chapter on "The New American" left me somewhat stranded. Human beings are remarkably resistant to change. Rather than banking on the creation of a new breed to meet our pressing problems, let us hope that each generation will produce sufficient men and women of wisdom and goodwill to deal with them.

WIT TWISTER #87

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The foolish — — — — — —,
unaware,

— — — — — — much too
far from water's edge

Ignored the — — — — — —
lurking there,

Was gobbled by the — — —
— — — hedge.

(*Answer on page 85*)

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Sakharov

Continued from page 53

true for many of the delegations of cultural representatives whom the Soviet bureaucracy often sends abroad to press its standard formulations.

The best tribute we could pay to Sakharov would not be to lionize him for his criticism of his own country, but to argue with him on a serious plane, to welcome the opportunity to open up exchanges of thought between independent-minded Soviet intellectuals who are working within the system to realize the aspirations of Soviet society, and their opposite numbers in our society. Indeed, one of the comments that might be forwarded to Sakharov for consideration in his next revision of the memorandum is that the problem of structural convergence of the two societies may be less central to their conflict than the balance of forces within each one.

THE imperatives of industrialization may produce some superficial similarities in Moscow and New York (urban congestion, smog, standardization, mobility, etc.) but it seems likely that the cultural and political differences will cause each country to adapt to industrialization and modern technology in its own way, just as each child goes through adolescence in his own way, with some characteristics in common. There is no reason why the two societies cannot continue to emphasize different qualities and to experiment with different institutional forms according to their respective cultural preferences, providing that the ascendant forces within each country share the essential human values described by Sakharov.

The essay reflects both the strengths and the weaknesses of Sakharov's background in natural science. It is methodical, free of political cant, and has its clear sense of priorities on the important problems. At the same time, its application of predictive extrapolations to complex political phenomena may, like much of the discussion of the year 2000 in this country, have more usefulness in identifying social trends and clarifying our thinking about social priorities than value as a prophetic device. The important thing, however, is that Sakharov, like so many of his excellent scientific colleagues in the Soviet Union, is a cultivated man of broad humane spirit; he addresses himself to the right questions with an elevated perspective and a vigorous intelligence.

May he know that his essay has been received and read and thought about, and that it has awakened hope for the time when the great humanistic tradition of Russia will speak to the world, aloud and unafraid.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Rossini Rosina, But Not Much Else

THE FIRST Metropolitan performance of Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in its Lincoln Center surroundings was promoted from an event to an occasion by two unfamiliar factors. One, on the audience side, was a quartet of television cameras to record the sound and action from which a color tape will be composed; the other was the first appearance in New York of Teresa Berganza as Rosina, thus providing at least one musical element worthy of preservation.

The easy access to Miss Berganza's singularity as Rosina is to identify it as that rarity of the world's opera stages, the product of a performer with the mezzo voice to deal with the text of the music in the keys for which Rossini wrote. To be sure, Miss Berganza has such a voice, and it is not only pure-textured and colorful, but agile enough to execute the florid line as written. The much greater rarity is that Miss Berganza is a performer of the cheerful charm, easy humor, and appealing femininity to create a Rosina who is a person rather than a mere purveyor of vocal tricks.

This, actually, is of greater consequence and decidedly more total satisfaction than the place on the scale where Miss Berganza centers her vocal effort. After all, though she sings "Una voce poco fa" in the key of E (as written), this is but a half step lower than is customary for sopranos. More to the point was the freshness, musicality, and esprit with which she delivered an episode more often than not rather underprivileged in respect to one, two, or all three. This includes performances by some otherwise estimable mezzos who have similarly honored the letter of Rossini's writing but have not come nearly as close to its spirit.

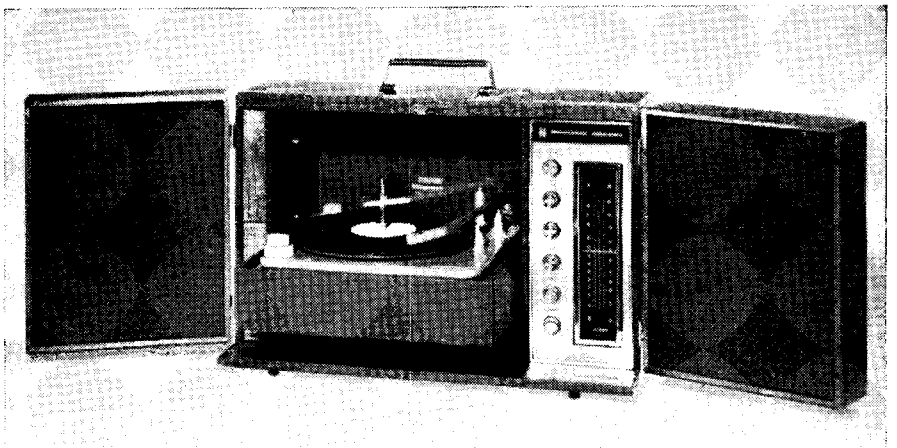
Virtue here does not, as some arguments contend, go with textual fidelity. It is too often forgotten, if not actually ignored, that the soprano Rosina was not a post-Rossini invention. Amid a punditical passion for purity, it is often overlooked that sopranos were attracted to the appeal of Rossini's creation almost as soon as it came into being. While deploring this counter-tendency to his first preference, Rossini not only condoned it, but collaborated in this invasion of the territory of others. By 1860, when Adelina Patti, perhaps the most famous of all Rosinas, began to exert her world-wide fascination, Rossini was sufficiently responsive to her sorcery, soprano though it was, to—as stated in Grove's Dictionary—"rearrange a good deal of the music for her voice." This, in all probability, is the source for the unpublished but firmly established *modus operandi* which has prevailed for sopranos since.

This perhaps unseemly parade of information (if not knowledge) is by way of establishing that there are not merely one but two traditions stemming from the composer himself. If it may be readily admitted that one enjoys the prestige that goes with being the composer's first impulse, it can be contended that the second is not only arguably legitimate, but responsive to certain advantages—temperamental, physical, and chronological—that characterize sopranos, as a group, rather than mezzos.

What characterized Berganza, as an individual, rather than as a member of a group, was the shining virtue that affiliates all fine performers of a part, regardless of background. That was the ability to embody some truth about the character she was impersonating, to be likably impulsive and believably adolescent (though her prior intention of performing Rosina at the downtown Met had to yield to the obligations of motherhood). If she was not a beautiful Rosina, she was nevertheless in an honorable succession. That goes back to the paragon name Maria Garcia (Malibran) of whom the quotable Chorley wrote (1830): "She may not have been beautiful, but she was better than beautiful, insomuch as a speaking human countenance by Murillo is ten times more fascinating than many a faultless angel-face such as Guido could paint. . . ." This does not exclude the possibility that beauty of face *and* voice may be combined in the same person, as it has in the past and may again in the future.

Of the other participants in this event, or occasion, only Luigi Alva as Rosina's suitor (Almaviva) offered more than a stereotype in his role. Alva has a light, well disciplined tenor voice with the flexibility (if not always the accuracy) to identify the Count and the future Countess as products of the same creator's imagination. He has problems of audibility in the later ensembles, but he refrains from sacrificing his good sound for volume alone.

For the rest, this was an all-too-typi-



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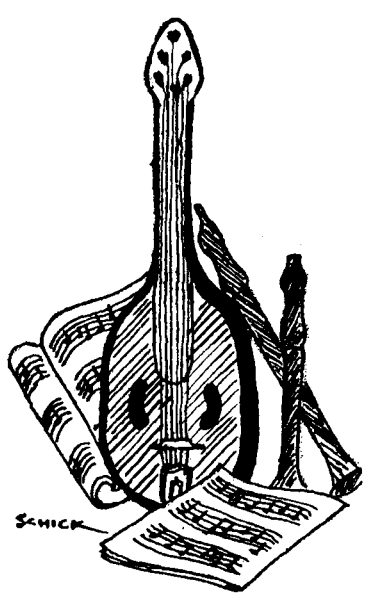
cal Metropolitan *Barbiere* à la Cyril Ritchard (who originally directed it in the early Fifties). That is to say, the possibilities for characterization in such roles as Bartolo, Basilio, and Figaro were, in the performances of Fernando Corena, Giorgio Tozzi, and Mario Sereni, sacrificed to gaggery, muggery, and vanity. This is, of course, no misrepresentation of the way in which the work has been given at the Metropolitan in recent years and, with Eugene Berman's fanciful scenery providing an occasionally refreshing diversion, will give this TV product the rank of an absorbing if not necessarily entertaining artifact in, say, 2018.

The pre-performance contention that the materials for it would, thanks to a new tube of Japanese design, be gathered without intruding on the audience was only partially fulfilled. No additional lighting was employed (though the house lights remained on during the Overture). But there was a constant suggestion that the comedians in the cast (Corena, Tozzi, Velis, etc.) were playing to the cameras as much as to the audience, and some groupings (such as the sextet at the end of what is called Act II in this staging) had been altered to provide a tighter shot for the camera.

As a kind of commentary on the whole evening, the most spontaneous applause erupted when nothing was being played or sung, as the audience reassembled after the first intermission. It was directed at a figure in an upper box who bowed graciously in response. The man behind me said to his companion, "Who's that for? Jackie?"

"No," said his better-sighted partner. "It's some redhead." Miss Sutherland was present, no doubt, because her husband, Richard Bonynge, was conducting—precisely, politely, and also rather primly.



TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Mod vs. the Squad

I AM NO LONGER depressed by *Mod Squad*, one of ABC Television's new action-adventure-crime programs (Tuesday evenings)—indeed, I look forward to viewing it whenever I can. I find in it an exhilarating rebuttal of some of the darker conclusions that Herbert Marcuse, the University of California philosophy professor, arrives at in his stimulating book, *One-Dimensional Man*. Marcuse asserts that, in our industrial system, "ideas, aspirations, and objectives that, by their content, transcend the established universe of discourse and action are either repelled or reduced to terms of this universe." The mass media, he believes, are powerful agents in the negation of contradictions to the status quo.

Mod Squad presents the weekly ordeals of three California youths (two males, one white and one black, and a white female) who work as undercover agents in hippie districts for the police. The three, hardly more than amateur detectives, are attractive, warm-hearted, and essentially moral individuals. One may assume that this series, basically a cops-and-robbers program, was designed to exploit the appeal of modern, rebellious, problematic, anti-Establishment youth. The early programs depressed me because they seemed to validate the Marcuse thesis perfectly. Here was the TV industry, based upon a middle-class, consumption culture, transforming one of the fiercest attacks upon its values into pleasing entertainment. On *Mod Squad*, non-manipulative modern youth—caring so much about highly personalistic trusting relationships, so committed to nonviolence—have been embraced, vulgarized, and assimilated by the professional sheriffs of society and turned into Establishment "finks."

To begin with, the three mods of *Mod Squad*, before they joined the police, were hardly representatives of the true activist dissenters or alienated. The black youth had his obvious problems; the white girl's mother was a prostitute; and the white youth had been "kicked out" by his wealthy parents as unmanageable and undesirable. Rootless, without jobs, they had apparently barely survived in their West Coast hippieland until a shrewd police lieutenant had struck upon the idea of enlisting and training them for his personal crime-busting squad in areas where older detectives would be highly conspicuous.

Among themselves, they maintain the modern youth style of talking things out, criticizing each other, and making decisions collectively. Beyond that, all resemblance to the real mod generation vanishes. They practice violence with characteristic TV relish and physical crunch; they have no political notions; and they would never dream of seeking out intimate confrontations with the enemies of society in order to discuss issues as one human to another.

Moreover, the thrust of their organizational activity for the police is always to win the day for law and order with justice, and usually to preserve the sanctity of the American home and family. If the real modern generation favors the expression of sex in "meaningful" human relationships, the *Mod Squad* has already twice dealt with cases in which blackmail flourished on the foundation of compromising photographs taken of victims in unguarded moments of affairs characterized by "acid trips," or by a married woman foolishly roistering with a man younger than her husband. The Squad, in the latter episode, knocked the blackmailer senseless into the family swimming pool, freed the wife, and brought happiness to the daughter, who could now look forward to her mother's marital reunion with her father. Mother, daughter, the Mod Squad, and the lieutenant cozily fingered a chicken dinner at a beach picnic to celebrate the reestablishment of the Establishment. What could be more "one-dimensional," in Marcuse's terms—a weekly, ceremonial digestion by the status quo of the fricasseed corpse of the temper of modern youth?

And yet, if we subject this contradiction to yet another dialectical twist, we can stand Professor Marcuse on his philosophical head. "Mod," as indicated above, is a short form for modern, and modernity consists of the revolt against the prevalent, in the assault against traditional rules, modes, and limits. It is highly conventional, in TV's world of conflict, for the heroes to win and the villains to lose. *Mod Squad*, superficially examined, conforms elegantly to the conventional norm: the police triumph, the lawbreakers are punished.

In this formulation, it is Mod that is defeated and Squad that gets the victory. Such an ending is nihilistic, unjust, unheroic—in one word, modern. Mockingly, at the second dimension, Mod is forever destined, week after anti-Marcusan week, to triumph over Squad.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Photos by Charles M. Rafshoon.*

The "Spring Ballet" from the masque of *King Arthur*—Gretchen Stock, Anne Burton with members of the Atlanta Ballet corps.

"Excellently Adorned"

ATLANTA.

THE MERRY MONARCH lived to see only a preliminary rehearsal of a royal extravaganza which had been planned, by the poet Dryden, to honor and flatter him. If, nearly 300 years later, Charles II could return, not to the Palace at Whitehall in London, but to the new Atlanta Memorial Arts Center on Peachtree Street, it is certain that he would be both honored and flattered by a production which cost $250,000, called upon the talents of hundreds of theater artists, represented one of the most dazzling spectacles devised for today's theater, re-created the fascinating effect of being "excellently adorned with scenes and machines" (as it was originally described), and managed to be marvelously merry.

Dryden's original *Albion and Albanius* dropped its initial score by Louis Grabu, was rewritten to wholly new music by Henry Purcell, changed its title to *King Arthur* (or *The British Worthy*), and had its world premiere at the Queen's Theatre in 1691. On October 29, 1968, the masque was given its U.S. premiere by the newly formed Atlanta Municipal Theater, composed of the Atlanta Ballet, the Atlanta Opera, and the Atlanta Repertory Theater.

Both the handsome $13,000,000 Center (with its four auditoriums: Symphony Hall with 1,848 seats, the 868-seat Alliance Theater—where *King Arthur* is on view—the Studio Theater seating 200, and the 440-seat Walter Hill Auditorium in the thirteen-year-old High Museum which forms the core of the new center) and the performances to be held within it do honor to the memory of those 122 artists and patrons of the arts, all members of the Atlanta Arts Alliance, who were killed when their plane crashed at Orly in Paris in 1962.

King Arthur will be given for a total of five weeks—although I think it would attract theatergoers and tourists from all over the country for more like five months—and after that, for forty weeks, the constituent companies will have their own repertory seasons of ballet, drama, and opera. It is an especially gala year for the Atlanta Ballet, which has just dropped the "Civic" from its name as it moves into the ranks of America's professional dance companies. It is nearing its fortieth birthday and is America's oldest regional ballet troupe, founded by Dorothy Alexander, who now serves as its loved and indispensable consultant, and with Robert Barnett as its artistic director. (Blanche Thebom heads the opera enterprises and Michael Howard the repertory theater.)

But now to the resplendent masque itself. The task which confronted the new Atlanta Municipal Theater was enormous. The three companies had not worked together before on a coequal basis; the theater plant itself was untried; how to mount a masque for a modern audience was a challenge; and at times they were afraid that they were spending a fortune for something they couldn't pull off. There were reports of strains and tiffs and some lack of organization, and certainly several in authority were glassy-eyed at the $100-a-ticket gala opening. But they needn't have worried, for they came up with a sumptuous spectacle which was eye-filling, wholly entertaining, and a marvelous exhibition of what might be described—in words once used by Lady Peel herself (alias Beatrice Lillie)—as "pomp and peculiar circumstance."

Finale of *King Arthur*—Characters in the masque join Britannia (center), who emerged from a stylized sea to rule the waves.

Multiple credits go to Miss Thebom, who adapted *King Arthur;* Mr. Howard, the director; Jonathan Sternberg, musical direction; Joyce Trisler, choreographer (Josias Priest was the designer of the dances three centuries ago); Richard Gulliksen, settings; Kurt Wilhelm, costumes; Nananne Porcher, lighting; Robert Joyce, properties and masks. No one of these was more important than the other in providing actors, dancers, and singers with the magical tools for making unforgettable theater.

The old masques of England, along with the court ballets of France, relied heavily on effects created by stage machines, among them flights to and from heaven, transformation scenes, appearances and disappearances. Atlanta's production of *King Arthur* could well have left Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones (great makers of masques), and Charles II fairly boggle-eyed. I know that I was continuously captivated by a cascade of

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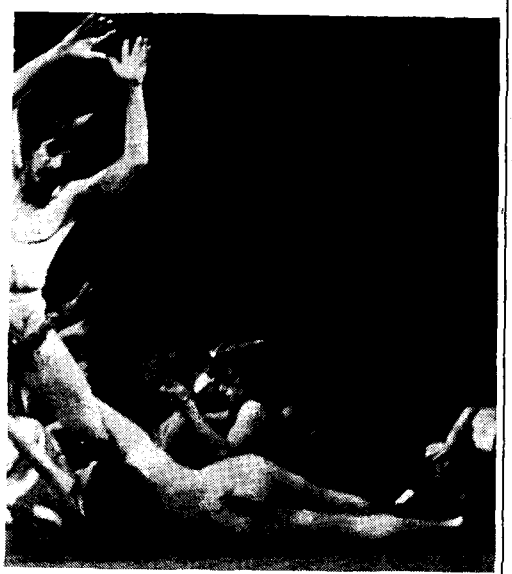
striking, and usually funny, stage effects. Let me recount some.

Not only did the fairy Philidel swing across the top of the stage on unseen (or barely seen) wires as she poured forth a remarkable array of soprano pyrotechnics, but she also made rendezvous with a giant dragon and a magician up there in the air. There were also such goodies as a waterfall (worked on the principle of a kitchen roller towel) which poured into a pool from which sirens emerged to lure Arthur from his quest (you'll be glad to know that he tore himself away while exclaiming, "But duty calls!"); a green forest which changed before your eyes to a kingdom of snow and ice presided over by an icy being who rose from the earth to the roof of the stage filling the void with a towering cone of glacial majesty, later to shrink, melt, disappear; trees whose branches were arms and whose trunks could talk; and, of course, a swelling sea of lovely blue, capped with white



Virginia Barnett and Carl Ratcliff lead the dancers of the Atlanta Ballet in the "Seduction Scene" from *King Arthur*.

scallops from which emerged, in the finale, a towering Britannia in full charge of ruling the waves.

As for the dances, I should point out that Miss Trisler has quite properly rid herself of the steps of the late 1600s—they were technically limited by our standards, with no toe shoes at all—and settled for the spirit of the period with mock battles, in which warriors knock each other out with near-slapstick konks over the head; episodes involving the jugglers, acrobats, and tumblers which king and court savored; a pastoral ballet no closer to the sheep pens than a fun Trianon; duels, buffetings, and swordplay; nymphs and satyrs engaged in an orgy which would not shock the guests at a church supper; and a mul-

(*Continued on page* 85)

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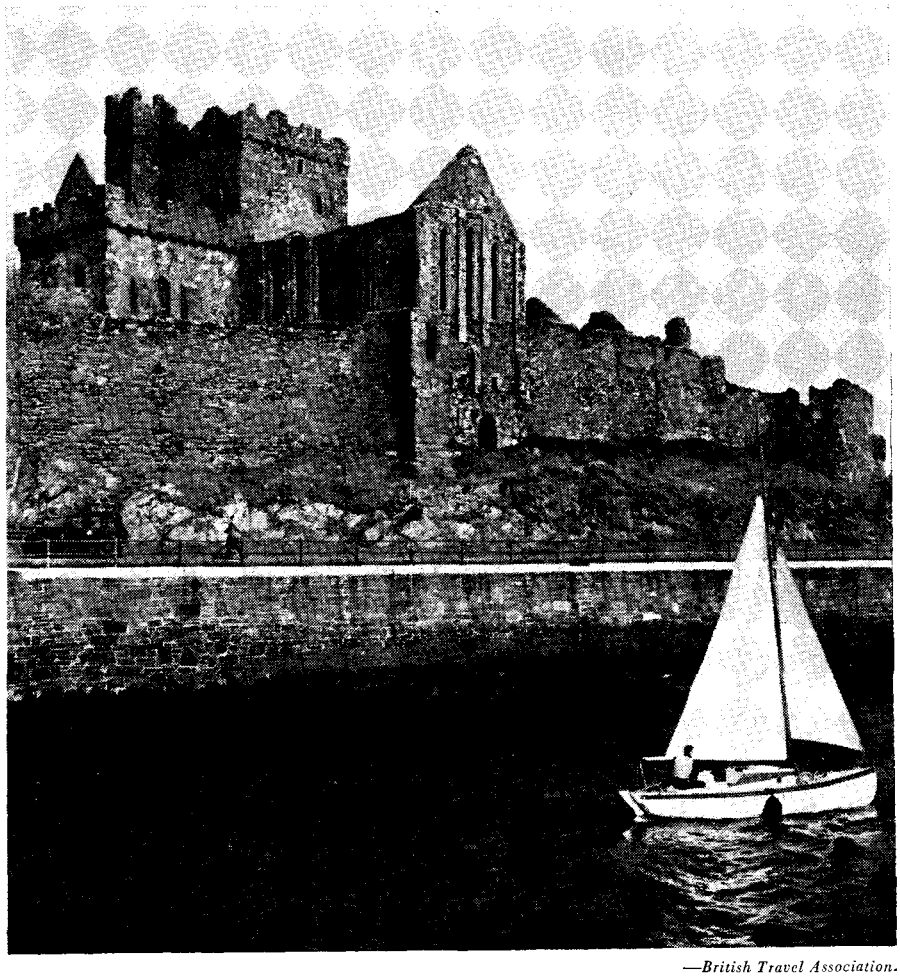
Modern Man Is Not Obsolete

GIVE OR TAKE a few sea miles, the Isle of Man is the geographical center of the British Isles. According to a local saying, from the 2,000-foot peak of Snaefell on a clear day you can see six ancient kingdoms—England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Man, and the Kingdom of Heaven. It's a stunning view, even though No. 6 doesn't disclose much of its topography.

Man is a pocket anthology of the best features of Britain. Its 221 square miles contain the grandeur of the Scottish Highlands, the lush fertility of southern England, the leaping mountain streams of Wales, and the wild romance of Cornwall. It's compact, beautiful, and idyllic. Existing mainly on farming, fishing, sheep breeding, and tourism centered on Douglas, the capital, it has remained unspoiled, with a slow, peaceful rhythm which is rarely found in Western Europe today.

Above all, Man is the home of a self-governing Celtic-Viking nation of 50,000 people with a highly individual character, who are equally keen on megalithic stone circles and first-class modern roads. Their ancient flag shows three legs arranged in a circle, with the motto, "Whichever way you throw me, I shall stand." Manx, the official language, is spoken by few; it's related to Highland Gaelic and Erse, but seems to have passed the point of no return.

Although one of the British Isles, Man is an independent kingdom whose ruler, the Lord of Mann, happens to be the Queen of England (the old spelling with double "n" is reserved for traditional usage). "Man" is supposed to come from the name of Manannan McLir, a hero of the Celtic Golden Age, identified either as an Atlantic Poseidon, or as a celebrated sea pilot who could forecast the weather and envelop the island in thick mist against unwelcome strangers.



—*British Travel Association.*

Peel Castle—Spirits of St. Patrick, Magnus Barefoot, and Prince Albert, presided over by the legendary Manannan McLir.

Since several visits to Man by members of the British Royal Family were ruined by sudden sea fog, old McLir seems to be immortal—and jealous of crowned heads in his old realm.

The island's parliament, Tynwald, has been functioning continuously since the Viking invasion in the eleventh century, which makes it senior to the Mother of Parliaments. Having organized their new kingdom along Scandinavian lines, the Norsemen merged with the Celts. Their language survives only in place names—Trollaby, Snaefell, Stacka—but even today the separate strains of slight, dark Celt and tall, fair Viking are noticeable among the Manx. Fortunately Man has preserved enough ancient monuments to be an archaeologist's delight. Stone Age burial sites, Celtic hill forts, Norse crosses, and Viking graves coexist with perfectly preserved medieval buildings. Thanks to their unchanged surroundings, these relics look as fresh and relevant as if their builders had only recently left them.

Man consists of two elements—Douglas, the capital, and the rest of the island, and the two have nothing in common. One can be ardently pro-Man without caring for Douglas, which is my own attitude. Douglas is a prosperous, rambunctious, typical British seaside resort with a two-mile promenade along a sandy beach. It has countless family hotels and boarding houses, lovely flowerbeds, ghastly souvenir shops, four cinemas, two theaters, a new casino, and ceaseless April-to-September entertainments. It's fine if you like that sort of thing, and Douglas must be heaven for its faithful visitors from the English North and Midlands, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, because 60 per cent of them never set foot outside it.

On the other hand, the brash reputation of Douglas as an old-style fun place, overshadowing the rest of the island, explains why Man is neglected by the sophisticated British public, and why it remains unknown abroad. Another handicap is the exaggerated fame of motor racing, which the island boldly introduced in 1904. Nowadays the Tourist Trophy in June and the Manx Grand Prix in September are the twin Meccas of motor bicycle fans—and a powerful deterrent to all who loathe the machines at any speed. As a Manxman wryly told me, the trouble is that many people imagine the island as a large soup plate, with motor bikes roaring along nonstop round the edge. Which it certainly isn't.

The direct flight from London takes seventy-five minutes and lands at Ronaldsway, a neat airport with a venerable tradition: the Vikings used to land by the adjoining Langness Peninsula,

(*Continued on page 77*)

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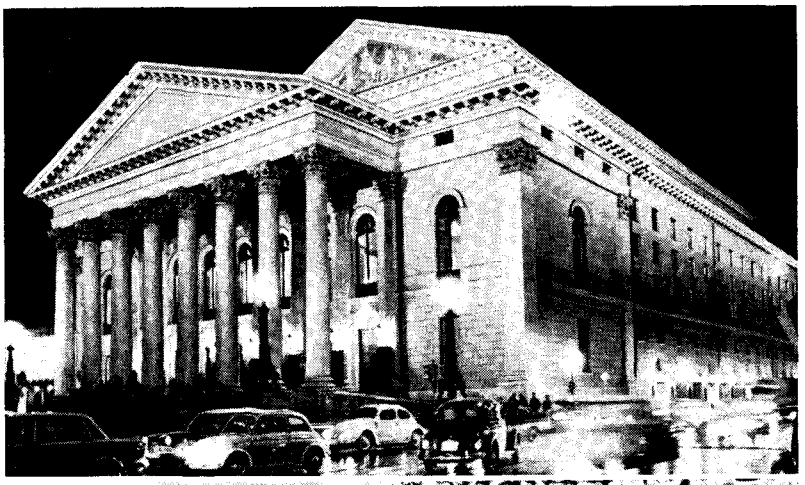

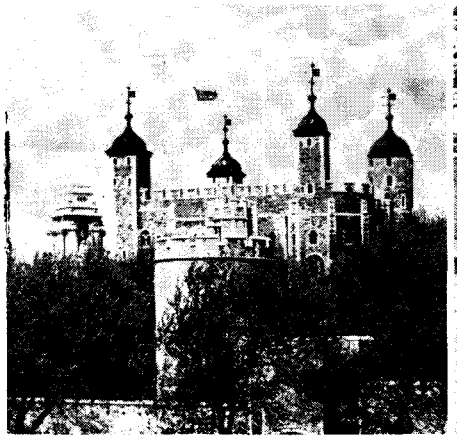

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Continued from page 74

and the area got its name from Ronald I, a twelfth-century Norse king who had a slipway built there. It was on Langness in 1669 that the eighth Earl of Derby drew up the rules for an annual horse race, the ancestor of today's Epsom Derby. Alas, today the island has no serious horse racing. Instead, there is the famous Golf Links Hotel across the bay from the airport, with a full championship-length eighteen-hole golf course and every facility to make golfers happy.

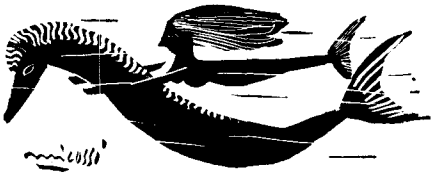
A car is essential to explore the island. One either brings his own or hires one locally. True, Man has some unique forms of public transport besides modern coaches: horse-drawn streetcars ply along Douglas's sea front; one of the world's last narrow-gauge railway systems, with 1873-vintage steam engines and coaches, is operated over a 40-mile network by railway enthusiast Lord Ailsa, whose senior staff wear Victorian uniforms; there's also a tiny, ancient electric railway which proceeds through grand scenery at 20 mph. All these must be sampled, but Man's 500 miles of splendid traffic-free roads are too enjoyable to miss.

Even for anti-Douglasites the capital makes a good touring center. The best base is the peaceful Fort Anne Hotel outside the town, commanding a sweeping panorama. It was built around 1790 by Buck Whaley, a notorious Regency playboy, when both England and Ireland had become too hot for him. His rich Irish wife could enjoy her fortune only while living on Irish soil, so Whaley thoughtfully imported a shipload of the stuff and built his residence on it. Less circumspect in other matters, he died, at thirty-four, of a wound obtained in a lovers' tiff. His original Chippendale doors and Carrara marble fireplace survive him, together with some choice antiques. The hotel is comfortable and offers a quick getaway to any part of the island.

Another alternative is the Arragon Hotel at Santon, halfway between Douglas and the airport. It's a converted country mansion, standing on wooded grounds near the sea, a real haven of rural peace and privacy.

Man measures 30 miles by 10. Its eight resorts, including Douglas, are strung round the coast. Castletown, the old capital in the southwest, is a small, dignified city huddled around Castle Rushen, Britain's best-preserved medieval fortress which is crammed with superb detail, from the holes through which the occupants poured hot oil on the enemy, to the big clock donated by Elizabeth I. Once it served as a prison. Today, it's a Court of Justice. Framed eighteenth-century documents, displayed inside, record mainly larceny and sheep rustling, and one case of rape by a man of eighty-one who was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. Probably because of his age, the Court disregarded the still unrepealed Manx law of 1577, which stipulates that should a man take a maid against her will, she may choose to decapitate him with a sword, hang him with a rope, or wed him with a ring—all three to be provided by the Court.

Castletown has narrow streets, an air of mystery, and a witchcraft museum exhibiting a mixture of genuine curiosities and rubbish, including a wooden tablet of spells made by a modern London magician, "who claims," says the caption, "that his spells can kill. We don't believe it." Nearby are the twelfth-century ruins of Rushen Abbey, and the as-



good-as-new Monks' Bridge of the same period, spanning the fast Silverburn in which fine trout leap and play under the dappled shadow of ancient trees. Castletown, whose residents despise jumped-up Douglas, has a magic stronger than any spell preserved at the Witches' Mill.

Peel, the ancient fishing port on the west coast, is the center of the herring industry. Every July the people of Peel re-enact the Viking invasion of Man, starting with a fierce mock battle between Celts and Norsemen which continues in general merrymaking. Peel's greatest gem is its vast castle, a mass of sacred and secular ruins scattered over five acres, surrounded by a stout wall. St. Patrick preached here in 444 A.D., or so they say. Norwegian Magnus Barefoot built the first fort in 1098. Kings, bishops, nobles, Scottish marauders and pirates came and went. The small, delicate St. German's Cathedral within the precinct was built in the thirteenth century and decayed in the seventeenth. Today the enormous complex, rising between Peel Bay and the endless sea, makes a dramatic pattern of old stones, whispering long grass, soprano seabirds, and peace.

Port Erin and Port St. Mary are pretty, cozy resorts. A brisk uphill walk from the latter leads to the fabulous Chasms, where the narrow rifts in the rugged cliffs plummet to a depth of 200 feet—no place for a midnight stroll. Nearby, the Calf of Man, a small, rocky island surrounded by turbulent currents, is a sanctuary for rare seabirds and seals. The coastline is at its most spectacular along the barely inhabited west coast,

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"But if I marry you, Sir, they'd make me retire."

where steep hills full of dark caves rise from the water. Lonely Niarbyl Bay in particular has a powerful atmosphere which suggests the presence of ancient, glittering dragons. But then, in Manx tradition this is the home of Cughtagh, the sea monster, and of the Ben-Varrey, amorous mermaids who seduce and kill young men.

One needn't be overimaginative to understand the lingering Manx respect for the "Little People"—Celtic fairies—and other survivors of pre-Christian nature beliefs. They could be around, especially in the lonely, hilly heart of the island, just as the forbidding North Barrule Mountain could still house its legendary witches. The excellent road winds, dips and ascends, offering at every bend a different vista edged with the shining sea. In early September, perhaps the best time for a visit, the hills blaze with purple heather and golden gorse, while lower down rich fuchsia hedges drip with blood-red flowers. The stark majesty of Snaefell adjoins the soft luxuriance of Tholt-y-Will and Sulby Glen, loveliest of Man's thirteen National Glens, each a perfect nature reserve in a lush river valley.

Ordinary mountain sheep graze everywhere, but only the Creignish open-air folk museum and the Curraghs Wildlife Park have Loghtan sheep, an ancient breed with silky brown fleece whose rams sport four to six horns, and the ewes two or three. These rare creatures were nearly extinct when the Manx Government set up a breeding herd. Today they are doing well, and the local spinners and handweavers can again obtain the soft, oily fleece which in the old days provided Manx crofters with indestructible suits.

The world-famous tailless Manx cats were also saved from extinction by the establishment of a Government Cattery. Owing to exorbitant interbreeding with ordinary felines, the show-standard "rumpy," i.e., truly tailless cat, was losing out to the rabbit-tuft "stumpy" and fully tailed varieties. The Cattery breeds from pure "rumpies" only. They have long, hare-like hind legs, an affectionate nature, and great hunting prowess. (The official mousecatcher of the Home Office in London is a Manx cat.) The Cattery has a long waiting list for kittens. Most of them go to the United States.

Distances being small, Ramsey in the north is another excellent touring center. Sheltered and warm, Ramsey is popular with yachtsmen, anglers, golfers, and salmon fishers. (The Grand Island Hotel is good, but insist on a room overlooking the sea.) The town is known as Royal Ramsey, simply because some royal visitors, barred from Douglas Bay by Manannan McLir's fog, sailed to sheltered Ramsey; a very cross Queen Victoria did so, too, with Prince Albert. The consort climbed a hill, now marked with a tower, presumably to get away from his unamused wife and stretch his legs.

The charm of Man is that if Prince Albert's ghost revisited it, he would feel as much at home in the beauty and timeless serenity of the island as today's less regal but more harassed visitor does.

—Beata Bishop.

Beata Bishop, a British free-lance writer, contributes frequently to Punch and *SR*.

Coming January 4, 1969

World Travel Calendar Issue

Chess Corner—No. 128

THAT hoary chess trap, Noah's Ark, inveigles many a naïve *chambón*, (Spanish for "duffer") and it is high time to call a halt to this debasing tactic. The straightforward royal game no longer can afford the taint of greed and temptation to enmesh an opponent in a spurious scheme.

Be that as it may (and well may it be as it is), down Argentine way grandmaster Carlos Guimard again springs the "Ark" against his confrère, grandmaster Raul Sanguinetti.

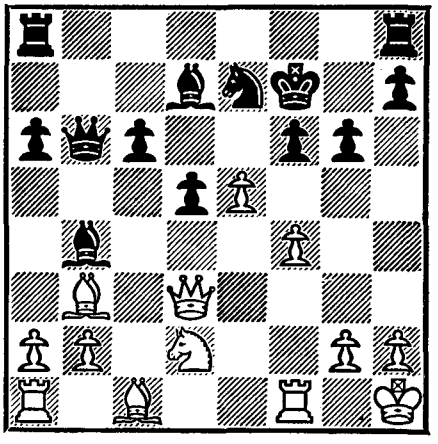
The first ten moves of this set-to—a Ruy Lopez—embrace the diabolical trap. White pitches a Pawn for position and, if he innocently recovers it with 9 QxP, he loses a Bishop after 9 . . . P-QB4 10 Q-Q5, P-B5 – the well known snare. Hence, White averts such headlong procedure. He has ideas of his own and he manages to regain his Pawn in a tortuous manner, but only after exposing the enemy King to violent assault while fixing vulnerable targets.

As a snide aside, is it cricket to bank on sleazy tricks, traps, pitfalls, and swindles? Anyway, here the trapper is trapped!

RUY LOPEZ

Sanguinetti White	Guimard Black	Sanguinetti White	Guimard Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	11 Q-Q5	B-K3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	12 Q-B6ch	B-Q2
3 B-N5	P-QR3	13 QxP/3	P-KB3
4 B-R4	P-Q3	14 P-B4	P-B3
5 O-O	B-Q2	15 P-K5	P-N5
6 P-Q4	P-QN4	16 QxNP	P-Q4
7 B-N3	NxP	17 Q-B3	K-B2
8 NxN	PxN	18 N-Q2	Q-N3ch
9 P-QB3	PxP	19 K-R1	B-QN5
10 Q-R5	P-N3	20 Q-Q3	N-K2

Guimard



Sanguinetti

21 PxP	KxP	23 B-K3	PxN
22 N-K4ch	K-N2	24 B-Q4ch	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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Irish Epic

Continued from page 16

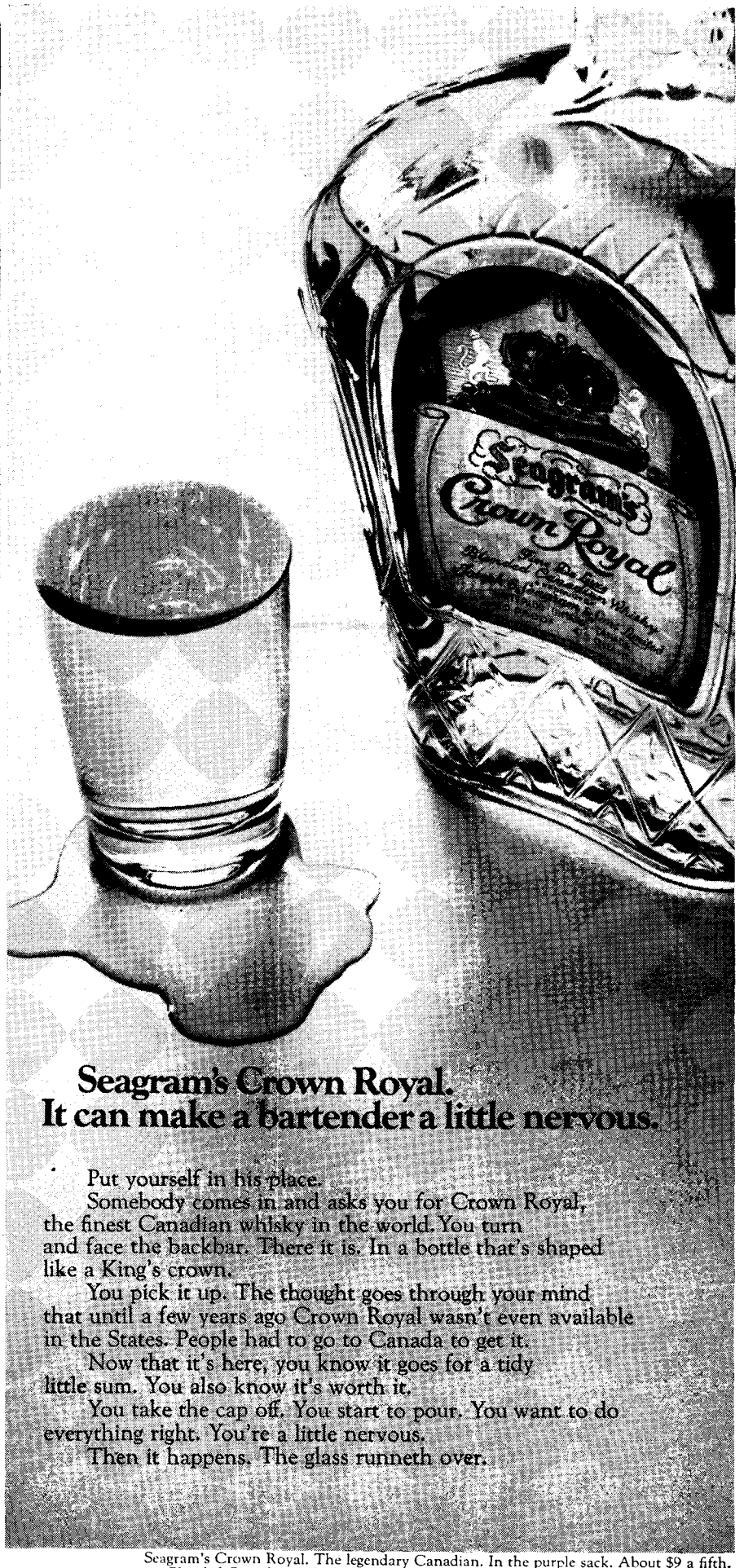
tle the Knights of the Red Branch lie under "a bad cess." They are periodically sick and incapacitated—"like women"—while Cuchulain himself is doomed by a whole nest of curses. There is no trace of Christianity. The religion is Druidism. The Druids march with the armies and fight with their magic. For instance, they can raise dense clouds of darkness. Over the Druids are priests whose functions are not very clear. Beside them are poets whose role is prophetic and whose songs have magical powers.

Then, underneath these four castes—warriors, priests, Druids, poets—there is a whole assortment of witches and warlocks, shamanesses and shamans. Maeve, the enemy queen of Munster, is a royal witch. Underfoot are all sorts of magic boars, white hounds with one red ear, talking birds, talking horses, and people who turn into swans. Even the weapons, like Cuchulain's mysterious whirling *gaebolg*, are magical. Behind all this uncanny activity the ancient gods, the Sidhe, come and go unannounced from their homes in the grave mounds, and are practically indistinguishable from common men and women—who are not common but magical. Not least, every episode of the myth has a ceremonial structure as well defined as Solemn High Mass.

THERE is no other world like this accessible to us, no literature which takes us so far back to our own beginnings, and no other as deeply rooted in the unconscious. Not even the Finnish *Kalevala* is as much like a collection of real dreams. This is the final significance of the Ulster Cycle for modern man. It raises more sharply than any other literature the questions, "What is dream? What is reality?"

"For one cycle of creation Shiva dances. For the next cycle he dreams. We think we are living in the real world and Shiva is dancing. We are not. He is dreaming." Like the Hindu philosophers, the mythic world of early Ireland questions the very nature of the sensibility and the reason that are the foundations of modern civilization. It does so far more effectively than the deliberate subversion of the mind of Rimbaud or the Surrealistes.

The best introduction to the Irish mythology is Lady Augusta Gregory's *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, perhaps the finest prose to come out of the Irish Renaissance of the first years of this century. From there the reader can go on to the immense literature of retellings and translations of widely varying merit in which he can get lost for years.



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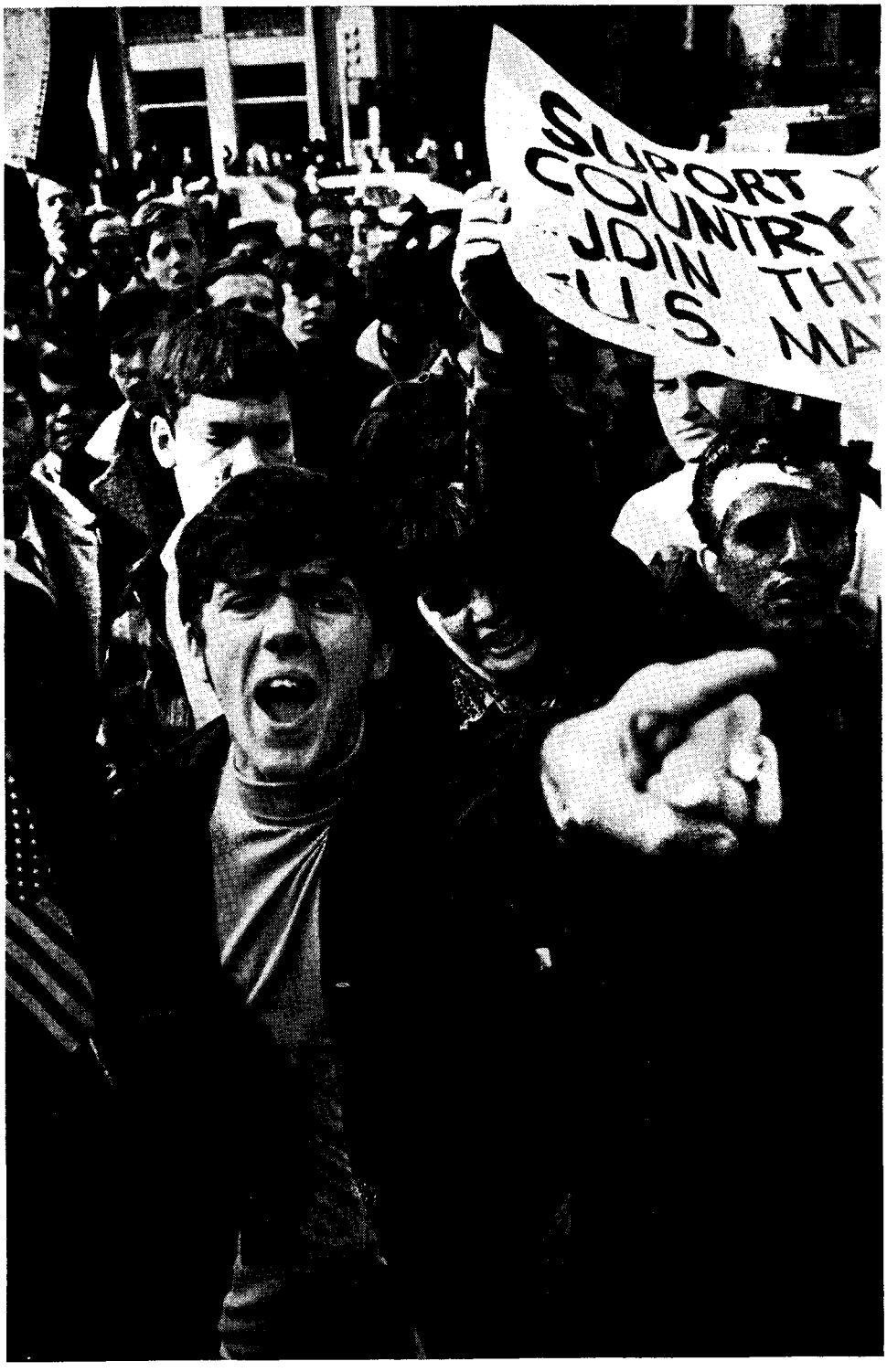
Photography

Margaret R. Weiss



Anti-Draft Week, Union Square, New York—December 1967.

Homosexuals' March for Equality in Draft, Philadelphia—July 4, 1966.

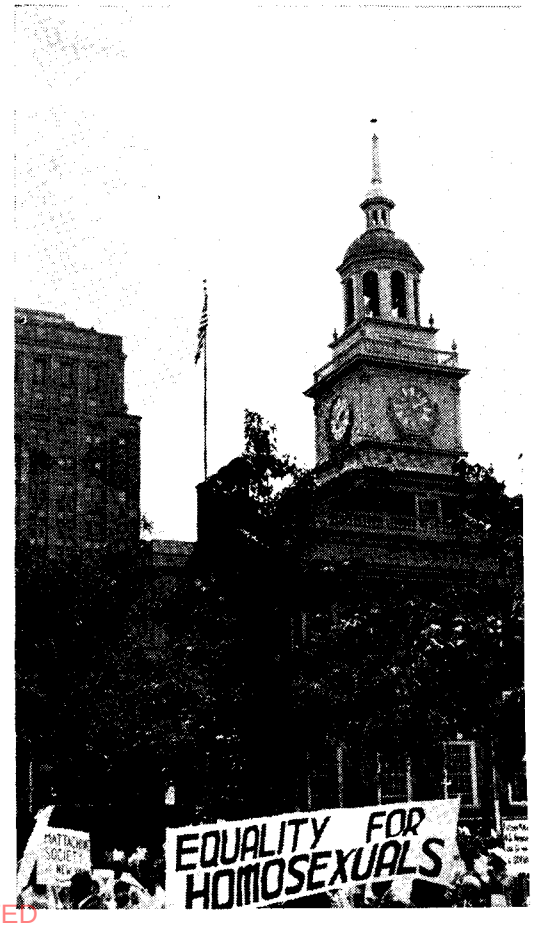
—Photographs by Benedict J. Fernandez.

Dissenting Views

IT SEEMS UNLIKELY that Benedict J. Fernandez will run out of camera subjects, for his self-assigned area of specialization since 1964 has been the moods and modes of protest at large across the land. As an interim report on what he has thus far observed, 100 photographs of this continuing chronicle have been compiled into a book titled *In Opposition: Images of American Dissent in the Sixties* (published this month by Da Capo Press).

Fernandez's subjects range the spectrum of dissent from love-ins, Loyalty Day parades, and the Bread and Puppet Theater processions-for-peace, to the savage violence of riots; from down with rent controls and unfair divorce laws to up with equality for homosexuals; from George Lincoln Rockwell to Norman Thomas and Martin Luther King. The locale may be Memphis or Milwaukee, Rockefeller Center or Resurrection City; the lens captures the climate of protest without regard for geography or ideology or special-interest group.

"The causes that are advocated are not those in the mainstream of democratic thought," Fernandez commented as we reviewed some of the earlier scenes pictured. "Nevertheless, these minority opinions are significant because they represent the persuasions of convinced advocates . . . and they protect us from apathy. In America, the dissenter can be heard. As we hear him, we may be motivated to examine our own values and



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convictions. This is real freedom, freedom to change or expand, or to grow in depth."

Early in his visual search he realized that dissent is "a social process by which an aware society adjusts so that it does not destroy itself." Lack of dissent is an index of apathy; lack of involvement, the mark of mental poverty. But apathy is not the only danger. "Militants and extremists on any side, if allowed to flourish unchallenged, can cause us to lose our fundamental rights."

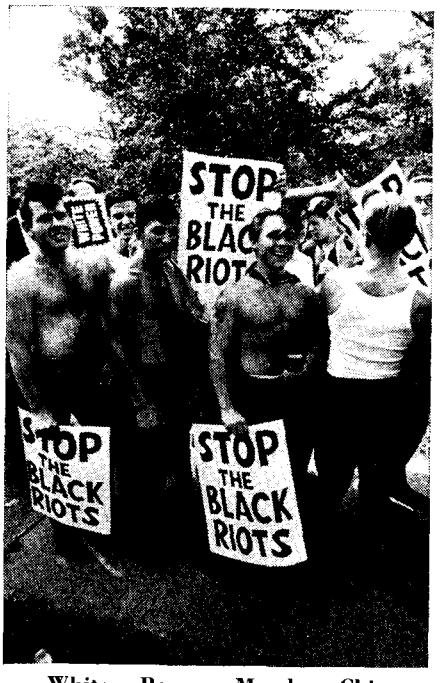
To the question of why so few of his pictures revealed the extreme right-wing dissenter, he replied: "Left-wing protesters welcome and even court camera publicity, while the right wingers generally do not—possibly because they feel that it might be misused; that is, used to discredit their position rather than further it. At least, I should say, it has been my experience that such people as Dr. Spock and Dr. King always made themselves available to my camera, while William Buckley was consistently inaccessible."

Intense, hard-driving, dynamic, the photographer feels that his empathy with many of those whose protests he documents stems from his own experiences as a child growing up in Spanish Harlem. Though he was probably the only first-grader in P.S. 101 with a Box Brownie all his own, he was among the intellectually disadvantaged who are unable to learn to read. Not until he was twenty-one and had completed a three-year program of remedial reading at Columbia University's Teachers College was he able to overcome this "personal protest." (The first copy of his book is earmarked for his long-suffering Columbia instructor; the second, for Alexey Brodovitch, who encouraged him to turn from the narrow focus of society-page photography to the larger frame of social photojournalism.) Some of what he has learned in both verbal and visual literacy he is now passing along to his photography students at Parsons School of Design, to School Art League high school workshops, and at the Brooklyn Children's Museum where he is director of photography.

In his foreword to *In Opposition*, Fernandez notes: "Perhaps this book presents a negative picture. But if it does, it's beautiful in its negativism, because it shows how positively this negative thing can function." What his book also shows is that the Founding Fathers' concept of ideas competing freely in the marketplace is still operative as the testing-ground of truth. One only wishes that their faith in "rational discourse" were equally visible—even though the resultant images might be less dramatic than those of today's "body rhetoric" which Benedict Fernandez records so effectively.

March to Russian Embassy, Union Square, New York—May 1966.

World's Fair Opening, New York—April 1964.



White Power March, Chicago suburb—September 1966.

Solidarity Day, Resurrection City, Washington, D.C.—June 1968.

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Letters

Continued from page 43

Wyeth is aware of sentiment; in fact he makes ironic use of it.

T. Dunn,
Hamilton, O.

Eakins and Hopper painted skillfully, too, but Wyeth begins by putting on canvas a bit of the soul or life spirit of every object he creates. It is thus the inner *Christina*, the inner *Patriot*, the sound of thunder, and the history of the old chair, not the surface views only, which move every Wyeth lover.

As for anyone being so foolish to invest $75 in a collection of foolish reproductions too heavy to hold on one's lap, I can only say that, personally, I shall never own even one original Wyeth, but I can appreciate and respond equally well to a collection of faithful reproductions.

Prudence Grant,
Lisbon, Me.

The basic fallacy involved here is the notion that something *that* popular can't possibly be *that* good. Quite possibly a public fed up with "innovative" charlatanry is returning with relief to an art that is recognizable and appealing in subject matter. More important, partly because of a rigid structure, which Mrs. Kuh cavalierly denies, and partly because of the limited palette she also rejects, Wyeth's paintings convey subtle esthetic and spiritual values that are far from the more obvious and colorful realism of Eakins or even Homer. It is quite true that many people enjoy Wyeth for the wrong reasons. "Look," they say, "you can see every blade of grass!" What the good people who marvel over the little blades of grass fail to realize is that a good bit of Wyeth's art *does* depend on what he leaves out. His temperas and especially his watercolors are *not* photographic realism, as anyone familiar with the area around Chadds Ford can testify. Wyeth will take a natural scene and select and pare down the original elements, and then simplify further through his muted colors, until the painting becomes not illustration, but the essence of a deeply felt mood.

Wyeth has an "innocent eye"—just like Robert Frost, who urged us in "Directive" and other poems to go back to a forgotten Eden—but who always had one foot planted firmly in the cruel and chaotic present. "Faced with tragedy," Frost said, "we make a little form and we gain composure." His classicist credo applies equally well to the art of Andrew Wyeth.

Mrs. Richard Forscher,
Bedford, New York.

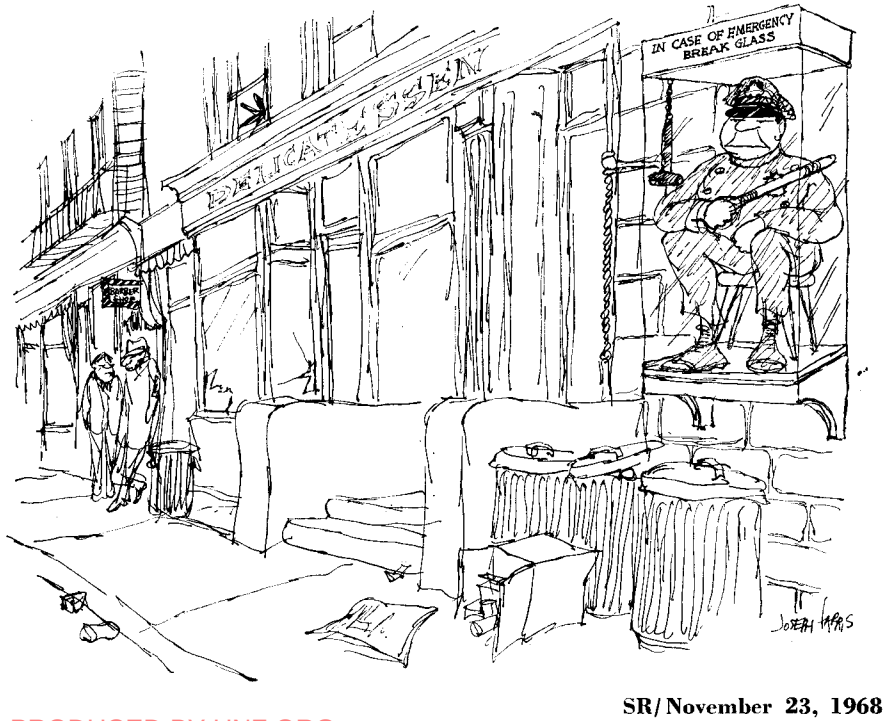
May I express my high appreciation for Katharine Kuh's sensible and needed comments on the Wyeth craze. Could we say it is a species of egg-and-wooden-headed backlash?

Wright Morris,
Mill Valley, Calif.

Chuck on Carolinensis

In response to "Will Me No Whippoorwills" [Phoenix Nest, Oct. 19], I guess that Donald L. Stofle's acquaintance with whippoorwills is limited to the kind named Caprimulgus Vociferus who, like some people, have loud and vehement voices. Mr. Stofle might not be so vehement and vociferous in his rejecton of all whippoorwills if he knew Caprimulgus Carolinensis, a Southern bird of this feather, with a soft and pleasant accent. This bird's plaintive call begins with a muted chuck, followed by three melodious and appealing syllables, and the sounds seem to say: "Chuck-Will's-Widow," which has become this whippoorwill's nickname.

Mary Evarts,
Fredericksburg, Va.



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Frustration

Continued from page 28

economic problems. It is that they are outgrowths of what has come to be known as our "post-industrial society," an economy in which the production of material goods is being replaced by the creation and supply of services as the dominant form of economic activity. The changes arising from this shift in economic emphasis may not be as violent as those attending the earlier transformation from an agricultural to an industrial economy, but they promise to be just as basic and disturbing.

FOR example, one major component of the developing service-oriented economy has been the rapid and troubled growth of the nation's transportation facilities. Among the substantial achievements of the Eisenhower Administration was the federal legislation that created our modern network of interstate highways. Without the services provided by these new arteries, both commercial trucking and private transportation would by now be seriously impeded, and their progress delayed for years, if not stopped dead. The new highways have benefited industry, of course, but, more importantly, they have been responsible for the creation of entirely new service fields, including the motel industry, the many highway-oriented retail operations, and, in fact, the entire concept of regional shopping and entertainment centers supported almost entirely by automotive transportation.

Unfortunately, however, an eight-lane highway separates as effectively as it joins. In city after city—lending a sinister new meaning to the old cliché about "the wrong side of the tracks"—broad freeways have effectively created walls between vast central residential areas and the industrial and commercial sections in which their inhabitants would normally work and shop. The intelligent location of future superhighways, and

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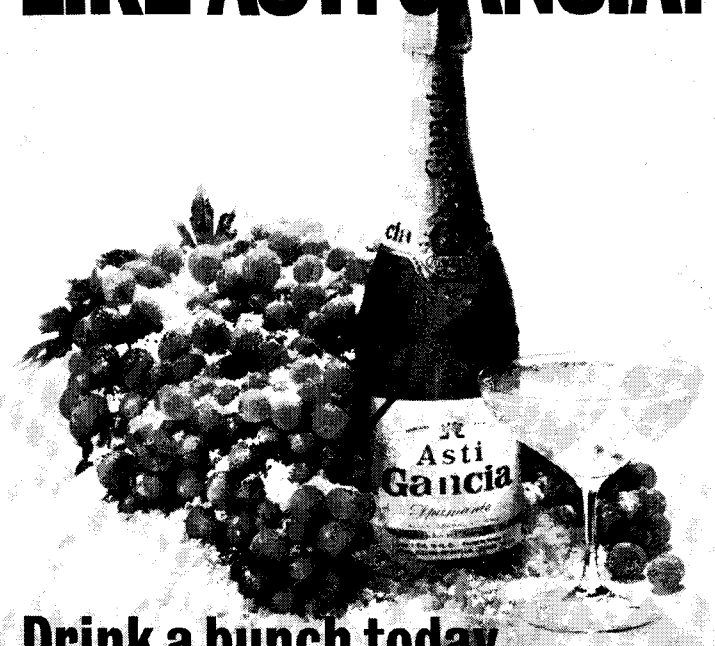

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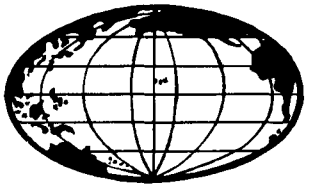

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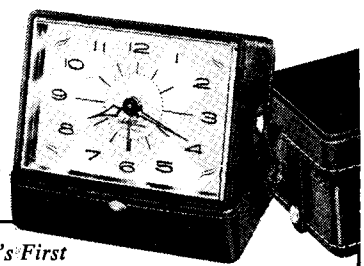
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the long-range planning of entire transportation networks in such a way that they will not create more problems than they solve, will be another urgent economic task for the next Administration.

A further characteristic of many of these problems is that they are themselves the consequences of our economic advances. Often, in fact, the problems flow directly from the otherwise constructive actions which have been taken to achieve these economic advances. Perhaps an analogy will help explain this phenomenon. Medical researchers have, within recent years, paid increasing attention to those illnesses which have themselves been medically induced. The term "iatrogenic illness" has been coined to describe the growing category of human ailments that are the result of medical treatment itself. Among these iatrogenic adversities are, of course, those associated with the familiar undesirable side-effects of the antibiotics and other "miracle drugs," and the various mysterious, new drug-resistant infections that are plaguing modern hospitals. Also included is the more serious radiation sickness that often follows, and sometimes defeats, radiological treatment of cancer. Medical researchers have learned to expect, in fact, that each new curative or preventive advance will bring with it its own counter-productive effects.

In a strikingly similar manner, many of our new and emerging economic ills can themselves be identified as the unhappy and unintended results of the great technological, social, and economic advances of the past several decades. Some of these relationships, such as that between modern industry and environmental pollution, are fairly obvious. Others, however, such as the urban dislocations resulting from modern highway construction, are much more subtle.

Let's take a look at one more economic problem that will be challenging the new Administration—a further example of a treatment-oriented difficulty. For years, economists and politicians have acclaimed the rising productivity of American industry, while cautioning that industrial automation would eventually create its own problems. At the same time, they have tended to bemoan the "backwardness" of the agricultural segment of the economy, especially in view of the great and growing need to feed the hungry of the world.

As a result, both government and private efforts have been concentrated on improving farm productivity, with little worry about the possibility of moving too far or too fast in this direction. By now, however, these determined efforts to increase farm output have indeed succeeded almost too well. The outcome has been that hundreds of thousands of people of all ages have been deserting the countryside, streaming into the cities where their presence has simply added to the existing problems of unemployment, slums, and welfare rolls.

"Leaving the farm" has, of course, been a long tradition in American life. Today's exodus, however, differs in significant ways from the steady flow of previous times. For one difference, those being uprooted today are primarily from the most disadvantaged rural areas, and are largely members of minority groups, so that they have serious handicaps in fitting themselves into the urban economies they are joining. For another, the farm migrants of earlier generations entered much more hospitable environments. First there was the open frontier, and later the fast-growing industrial centers of the North, the East, and the West Coast. Today, they tend to locate in the already decaying core cities of our big metropolitan areas, where their presence aggravates already existing problems.

Belatedly, the need for a wide-ranging rural rehabilitation program, to reverse this modern exodus, is being recognized. The Department of Agriculture, to its credit, has prepared thorough reports describing the extent of the problem, and has suggested various corrective measures. Almost nothing concrete has actually been done, however, and it will be up to President-elect Nixon and his Administration to recommend and take the first real steps toward creating a self-supporting economic environment in the American countryside.

Many more such "treatment-related" economic problems are arising and being recognized: the relation between the wage-hour laws and hard-core unemployment; that between the rising standard of living for the mainstream of the population and the increasing alienation of the impoverished; and the negative effects of booming international travel and commerce on our international balance of payments. Curing these new ills, without destroying the benefits of the original advances that have given rise to them, will be the most difficult and challenging of the many economic prob-

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lems facing the Nixon Administration.

But the gravest of all the iatrogenic problems which will be faced by the new Administration will not be strictly economic at all. (Indeed, the classification of problems, dividing them into identifiable categories such as economic, political, social, or psychological, is today becoming an increasingly sterile undertaking. There are few political problems which do not involve economic costs; there are no social problems without economic consequences. Most economic expectations are generated psychologically, and virtually all of the actions of government more and more involve several of the disciplines which are found within each of yesterday's neat academic categories.)

This grave new challenge will be nothing less than that of managing, in the broadest sense, the complex process of economic, technological, and social change that will be accompanying our trillion-dollar economy. American affluence, our vigorous competitive system, billions of dollars invested in research and development, our dominant strength in science and technology, and the creative thrust of modern management have all contributed to an unprecedented wave of invention. And the sum total of these factors is that the United States is being propelled, almost against its will, into a new scientific revolution, more fundamental than the industrial revolution that preceded it.

The historian Arnold Toynbee has suggested that the quantity and momentum of change in recent years are beyond the capacity of human society to accept, or the human psyche to tolerate. While this may be an underestimation of the resiliency and flexibility of our modern social and individual organisms, there is no doubt that we are living through a period of mushrooming social revolt, in which virtually every institution is being fundamentally challenged. This cannot be other than an extremely traumatic experience for all concerned—and the Presidency is at the center of the basic institution of our American society, our system of government.

The disorientation felt by people who are suddenly immersed in a new or foreign culture is described as "culture-shock." There is good reason to observe that our modern society may be undergoing a massive form of culture-shock as it plunges into the future. Only some of the origins and consequences of this shock are economic in the narrow sense. The field of economics, however, has been defined as dealing with the "management and allocation of resources." And certainly the management, conservation, and use of all the nation's resources, to cope with the revolutionary changes ahead, are basic problems President-elect Nixon must face and conquer.

World of Dance

Continued from page 73

titude of other lively, tongue-in-cheek gambols and capers. Indeed, because this *King Arthur* is somewhat closer to ballet than to opera, it should be classified not so much as a masque as an anti-masque, as the major dance ingredients were once described.

By way of making this truly stunning spectacle intimate and amusing, the producers ignored today's theatrical artifices and, fortunately, re-created the scenic wonders which you can still see at the perfectly preserved Royal Court Theater in Sweden's Drottningholm (where twelve stagehands rotate blue-and-white-painted wooden rollers intended to depict a churning sea) and introduced their masque with a prologue which included a pitch for funds (expressed in Restoration-period verse) and the appearance of a foppish duke, who occasionally strolled into the realm of Arthur and out-declaimed the singers with his penetrating counter-tenor, along with his deliciously inebriated lady. Shrewdly, then, the wonder-workers in Atlanta succeeded in retaining the quaint beauties, the idiotic plot involvements, the lightheaded gallantries of another era, while brushing the whole fey affair with subtle contemporary accents.

The Alliance Theater—with superb acoustics, a steeply raked auditorium that makes for unimpeded viewing, a thrust stage with graceful ramps, and other pluses offstage, onstage, and backstage—is a perfect setting for *King Arthur*, but I am certain that it will frame with equal effect *The Cherry Orchard*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Swan Lake*, and other upcoming presentations.

And I think it should also be noted that in this great new arts center in the Southland's most aristocratic capital city, a racially integrated cast caused neither stir nor comment as whites and blacks pooled their high acting, singing, and movement talents. Curiously pertinent was a phrase spoken by Merlin as the British Arthur (played by a white actor) and the Saxon Oswald (played by a black actor) end the conflict which provides the masque with its theme: "Britons and Saxons shall be once one people; one common tongue, one common faith shall bind our warring bands in a perpetual peace." Just an ancient echo? Hopefully, this an omen.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 68: gander, Ranged, danger, garden.

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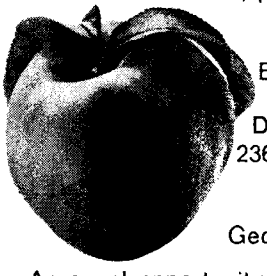

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZCS Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1807

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First name of the author of *The American Way of Death*	133 5 29 46 81 99 109
B. He preceded Sidney Toler as WORD F in films.	51 115 144 147 170
C. Comedy star of silents and talkies (*The Milky Way*, 1936; full name)	10 26 50 69 118 120 162 180 191 209 177
D. Swimming or floating	8 11 25 35 41 63
E. Last name, WORD A	39 98 111 200 139 192 126
F. Character created by Earl Derr Biggers (full name)	64 73 76 85 202 190 181 136 128 116 96
G. He won an Academy Award in 1928 for *The Circus*	113 175 179 187 203 158 151
H. Fine British actor-producer (*The Angry Silence*, *Seance on a Wet Afternoon*)	2 68 82 90 132 161 204 211 106 30 44 60
I. Type of platform	22 38 48 52 122 127 160 167 9
J. A European perennial wormwood used for seasoning	18 56 72 110 166 19 86 135
K. Stables and houses built around a yard, court, or street	66 71 143 149
L. To face (as an embankment) with masonry or other material	4 23 34 43 88
M. Controlled	15 54 57 152 196 201 94
N. Comedian of the silents who later directed as Will B. Good	40 55 171 186 130 17 21 67
O. Not expected or anticipated	114 27 97 83 131 3 70 89 142
P. Dependent, servant	12 74 103 168 198 155 153 117
Q. Sprightly wit; cleverness	210 185 108 62 33 137
R. Star of the film *All Quiet on the Western Front* (full name)	31 80 205 208 119 24 104 164
S. Rose of Sharon	47 1 159 37 84 93
T. " 'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark/Has crossed the ———, and begins to climb." (Housman, *Last Poems*, xxxvi)	182 102 78 154 189
U. Checked	13 121 178 172 138 36 156 105
V. Frenzied	91 61 59 42 123 140 45
W. Check	107 129 145 193 124 95 20 58 195
X. Roman emperor from 218 to 222; his reign was marked by extreme debauchery	92 197 207 112 194 53 7 173 176 6 134 184
Y. 2nd cent. Roman historian	65 206 101 141 148 77
Z. Renewed supplies or equipment	75 150 87 100 165 183 188 28
Z^1. Talk idiotically	49 199 16 157 174 32
Z^2. Russian poet (1895-1925) who married Isadora Duncan in 1922	14 163 212 125 79 146 169

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 S	2 H	3 O	4 L	5 A	6 X		7 X	8 D	9 I		10 C	11 D
12 P	13 U	14 Z^2		15 M	16 Z^1	17 N	18 J		19 J	20 W	21 N	22 I	23 L	24 R	25 D		26 C	27 O
28 Z		29 A	30 H	31 R	32 Z^1	33 Q	34 L	35 D	36 U		37 S	38 I	39 E		40 N	41 D	42 V	
43 L	44 H	45 V	46 A		47 S	48 I	49 Z^1		50 C	51 B	52 I	53 X	54 M	55 N	56 J		57 M	58 W
59 V		60 H	61 V	62 Q	63 D		64 F	65 Y	66 K	67 N		68 H	69 C	70 O	71 K	72 J	73 F	74 P
75 Z		76 F	77 Y	78 T		79 Z^2	80 R	81 A	82 H	83 O	84 S	85 F		86 J	87 Z		88 L	89 O
90 H	91 V		92 X	93 S	94 M		95 W	96 F	97 O	98 E	99 A	100 Z	101 Y	102 T	103 P	104 R	105 U	
106 H	107 W		108 Q	109 A	110 J	111 E	112 X	113 G	114 O	115 B	116 F	117 P	118 C	119 R		120 C	121 U	122 I
123 V	124 W	125 Z^2	126 E		127 I	128 F	129 W		130 N	131 O	132 H	133 A	134 X	135 J	136 F	137 Q	138 U	139 E
140 V		141 Y	142 O		143 K	144 B	145 W		146 Z^2	147 B		148 Y		149 K	150 Z	151 G	152 M	153 P
	154 T	155 P	156 U	157 Z^1	158 G	159 S	160 I	161 H	162 C	163 Z^2		164 R	165 Z	166 J	167 I		168 P	169 Z^2
170 B		171 N	172 U	173 X	174 Z^1		175 G	176 X	177 C		178 U	179 G	180 C	181 F	182 T	183 Z	184 X	
185 Q	186 N	187 G	188 Z	189 T	190 F	191 C	192 E		193 W	194 X		195 W	196 M	197 X	198 P	199 Z^1		200 E
201 M	202 F	203 G	204 H	205 R		206 Y	207 X	208 R	209 C	210 Q	211 H	212 Z^2						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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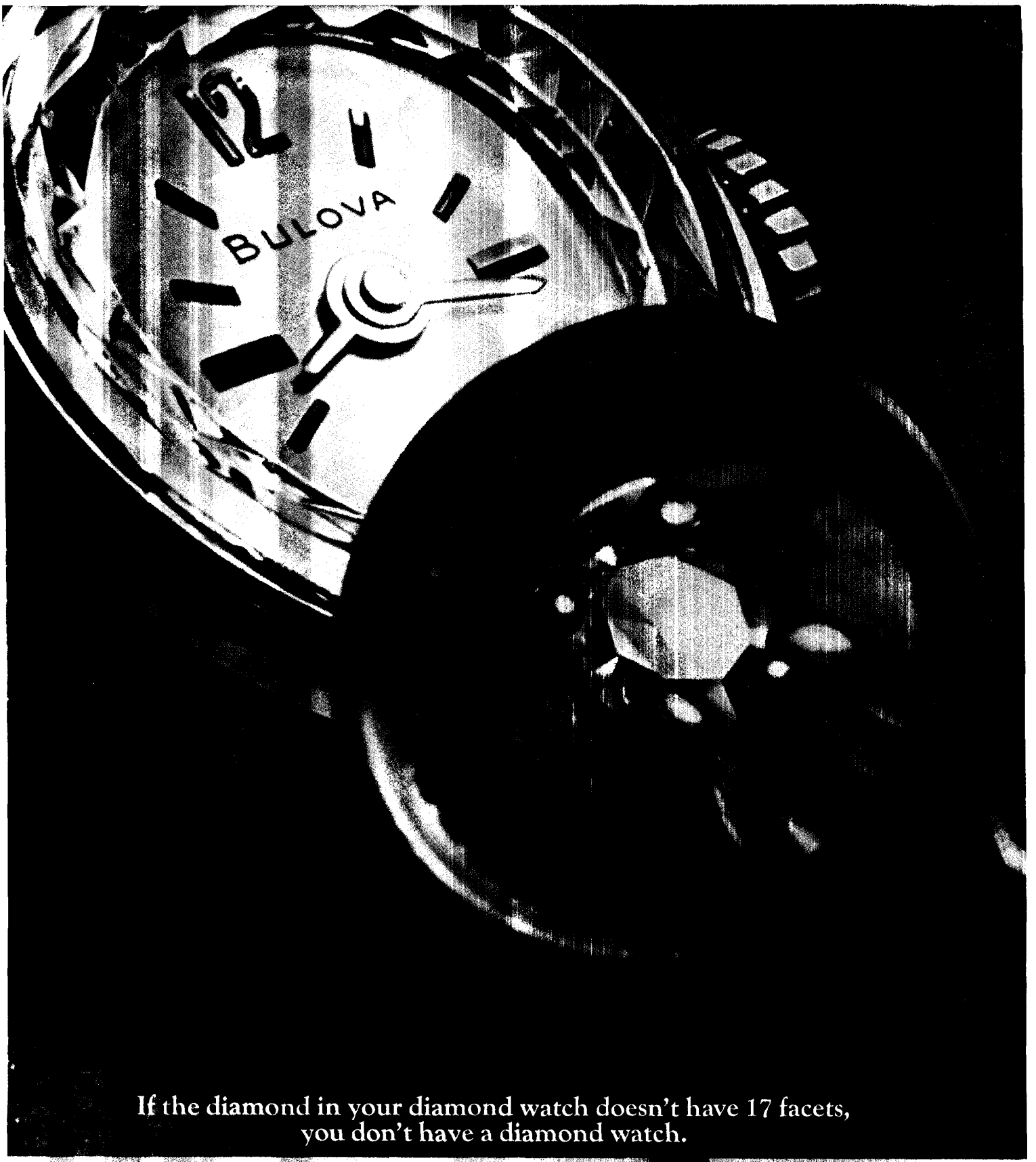

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